THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 176 — PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 19, 1903 — Number 25

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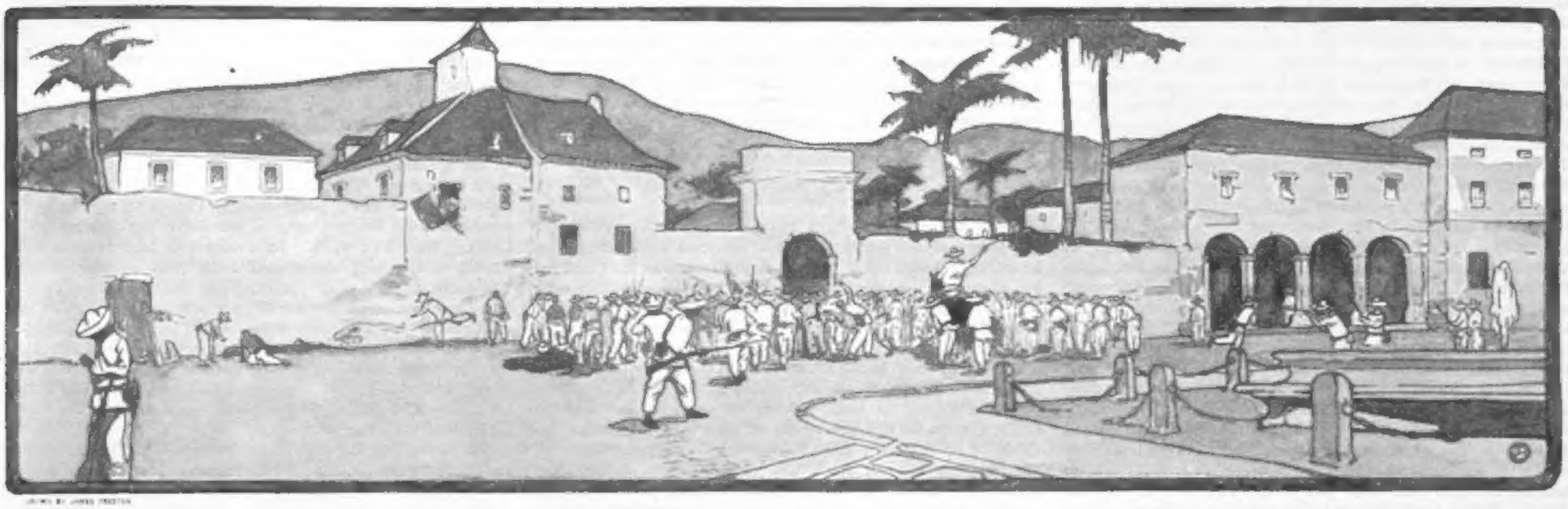
Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Revolutions to Order



By Richard Harding Davis

Author of Soldiers of Fortune

THOSE who objected to the course pursued by the President and State Department in recognizing a de facto government at Panama declared that there was no precedent for it.

On the contrary, our history contains several precedents for just such a course as our Government followed.

In 1855 the United States overthrew the administration of General Walker, then President of Nicaragua.

In 1891 our navy interfered in the revolution in Chili against Balmaceda, and brought our sailors into such disfavor that a Chilian mob killed two of them and seriously wounded eighteen others.

In 1893 the naval forces of the United States overthrew the government of Queen Liliuokalani in Honolulu.

In January, 1901, our Government, at the request of the Asphalt Trust, interfered in the dispute between Castro and the rival asphalt companies.

Owing to this interference our bluejackets were again in such disfavor that they were mobbed in the streets of La Guayra.

And now, within the last few weeks, comes the establishing by American marines of the new republic of Panama.

The details of the case of General Walker versus our Government are now almost forgotten. William Walker was the most famous of all filibusters. After he had been legally elected President of Nicaragua he was overthrown by a combination of the then Secretary of State Marcy and the first Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Walker owed his fall, not to the allied armies of Costa Rica and the revolutionists in his own country, but to the Transit Steamship Company of San Francisco, which Cornelius Vanderbilt then controlled.

Walker's purpose was to establish an empire in Central America which should answer the slave question in the affirmative. As a leader, organizer and, strangely enough, as a disciplinarian, he was one of the most remarkable soldiers our country has produced. Had he lived to fight for the Southern Confederacy as he fought in Nicaragua for his own hand he might have ranked as one of our greatest generals. For two years, with less than four hundred white men recruited from the gold fields of California and soldiers of fortune who flocked to him from every country in Europe, he held Nicaragua against an army of twenty thousand natives. This was both before and after he was elected President by the largest vote ever cast in Nicaragua. In the six years which preceded his election no other President had remained in office for more than an average of four months. Walker ruled for two years, and so well did he govern that at one time during his administration he could boast that there was not in any jail either a criminal or political prisoner. His fall was brought about by the American Government. According to the terms of the concession of the Transit Company that line contracted to pay annually to Nicaragua ten thousand dollars and ten per cent. of its net profits. But the accounts of the company never showed that its profits had reached the point at which this tax became due. When Walker was President he sent a commission to San Francisco to examine the books of the company, and it reported that for years Nicaragua had been systematically defrauded by the Transit Line, which now owed the Government two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Walker, as President, made a demand for this sum, and the company refused to pay. Walker promptly seized its property in Nicaragua as security and revoked its charter. The company retaliated by furnishing money to the Costa Ricans, who were then at war with him, appealed to Secretary Marcy, who was a personal friend of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and, what was even more disastrous to Walker, ceased sending their Transit steamers through Nicaragua. Upon those steamers Walker depended for recruits and the munitions of war.

It was at this moment, when he was cut off from his base of supplies and beset by the allied armies of Costa Rica and the revolutionists, that he was ordered to capitulate to Captain Davis, of the St. Mary's, a United States warship. Walker surrendered to the naval forces of the United States. He was at the time as legally the executive of Nicaragua as Franklin Pierce was the then legally elected President of this country.

As James Jeffrey Roche says in his book on the Walker expedition, which every American who is interested in the fighting prowess of his country should read, "Nicaragua's only offense toward the United States lay in the fact that its President had the misfortune to be by birth an American citizen."

When Walker reached the United States he was greeted from New York to New Orleans as a conquering hero. In his honor Broadway was draped with the Stars and Stripes and the flag that bore the five-pointed star of the filibusters. When he attended the theatre the audience "rose at him." "Walker, of Nicaragua," was the man of the hour. But in Washington, Cass, who had succeeded Marcy, refused to reinstate him or to recognize his former position; and with a few followers he returned to Central America to make himself President again in his own way. On landing in Honduras he was taken prisoner, tried by court-martial and ordered to be shot the following morning. The commander of the British warship Icarus offered to intercede for him if he would ask his aid as an American citizen. But Walker, remembering all he had suffered from his own country, refused to repudiate the one which had adopted him.

The next morning at sunrise, on the beach at Truxillo, he was placed before a firing squad and shot. All the bullets took effect but failed to kill him, and as he lay on the ground a sergeant put a pistol to the head of the greatest of all filibusters and blew out his brains.

Our interference, in 1891, in the revolution in Chili was due to our misunderstanding of the situation and to misunderstandings on the part of the Chilians. President Balmaceda attempted to usurp the powers of Congress, and the "Congressionalist" party declared a revolution against him. The Congressionalists were fighting against a would-be dictator for their constitutional rights, and the sympathies of this country should have been with them. Our minister in Chili, Patrick Egan, sympathized with the existing Government, and his dispatches led our State Department to accept his view of the situation. Two incidents helped to arouse very bitter feeling on the part of the revolutionists against all Americans. Being in need of arms and ammunition, the Congressionalists sent one of their cruisers, the Itata, to Santiago, California, under the command of Mr. Trumbull, a Yale graduate, who

was to purchase arms, load them on the Itata and return. The purpose of the Itata was conveyed to our State Department by Mr. Eagan, and the Government, as it was bound to do, placed a marshal on board the cruiser and refused to allow it to depart. The Itata put the marshal over the side in a small boat and, pursued by the United States cruiser Charleston, proceeded on her way to Chili. She evaded the Charleston but surrendered to the other vessels of the United States navy assembled in Chilian waters. The seizure by our Government of the Itata and the arms she carried caused the revolutionists to regard us as their enemies. Later, our naval commanders gave them apparently even greater cause for the belief that we were working against them. When the revolutionists landed ten thousand soldiers at Quinteros Bay, Admiral Brown, from the San Francisco, observed the landing and then returned to Valparaiso and immediately sent an officer on shore to the office of the Intendente. The object of this visit was innocent enough. The officer merely desired permission to send a cable in cipher concerning the landing of the revolutionists to the Navy Department at Washington. But his act was misunderstood. Every one in Valparaiso had seen the San Francisco start for Quinteros, saw her return, and saw a shore boat put off from her carrying an officer who, on landing, went directly to the office of an enemy of the revolutionists. The sympathizers with the revolutionists firmly believed that Admiral Brown had spied upon them and was working against them in behalf of Balmaceda. Even the officers of the British warships in the harbor put this same odious interpretation upon the action of Admiral Brown, and later, in Vancouver, stated in the public press that the San Francisco had furnished information to the Chilians. If friends could make such a mistake, it is not surprising that the already excited Congressionalists should think they had good cause to hate us. A few weeks later, after they had overthrown the Government forces and their sailors and soldiers were still celebrating the victory, Admiral Schley unfortunately gave shore leave to one hundred and twenty of our bluejackets from the Baltimore. These men were attacked singly and in pairs by a mob of citizens, soldiers and police numbering nearly two thousand. Our men were unarmed; before leaving the ship even their jack-knives had been taken from them, and they could defend themselves only with their fists. When they sought for refuge in the shops and restaurants they were driven back into the streets. Two of them were killed and eighteen very badly wounded. Thirty of the knife stabs received by the eighteen were in the back, and had been given them as they were running to the wharves. This outrage upon the uniform of the United States brought this Government and Chili to the verge of war. It would have been avoided had our minister and the commanders of our warships refrained from sympathizing in a family quarrel which did not concern them.

The Hand of Soft Persuasion in Hawaii

IN THE overthrow of the Queen of the Hawaiian Islands there was no question of misled sympathy. On that occasion our minister, John L. Stevens, was one of the prime movers in the revolution and was assisted by Captain Wiltse, of the cruiser Boston. How far our Government aided and abetted Mr. Stevens it is difficult to determine. A letter marked "Confidential," from John W. Foster, then Secretary of State, to Mr. Stevens, helps to explain why the part played by our Government is still difficult to determine. In this letter he says: "Adverting to your current dispatches in relation to the course of political events in the Hawaiian Islands, many of which are marked by you 'Confidential,' and for obvious reasons, I desire to suggest that you endeavor to separate your reports into two classes, one of which shall aim to give the narrative of public affairs in their open historical aspect, and the other to be of a strictly reserved and confidential character, reporting and commenting upon matters of personal intrigue and the like so far as you may deem necessary for my full understanding of the situation. Many of your dispatches combine these two modes of treatment to such a degree as to make their publication, in the event of a call from Congress or other occasion, therefore, inexpedient and, indeed, impracticable, without extended omissions." In spite of the "extended omissions" it is still possible to see throughout the course of the revolution the guiding hand of our Government and its agent, Mr. Stevens.

In 1893 the passage of the McKinley Bill had made it impossible for the sugar-planters in Hawaii, most of whom were Americans, to carry on that industry at a profit. Their only hope of avoiding the tariff lay in Hawaii becoming a part of the United States. On account of its strategic value in the Pacific the United States desired Hawaii. The desires of both the Government of the United States and of the American sugar-planters being the same, they combined to overthow the only obstacle to their plans—Queen Liliuokalani.

On January 14, 1893, Queen Liliuokalani prorogued the Legislature and proposed a new constitution which returned to the crown many powers and privileges it had formerly enjoyed, but which, in a previous revolution in 1887, had been taken from it. There was such instant objection to this new constitution on the part of the Queen's own Cabinet that she changed her purpose and announced to the people by word of mouth and by a proclamation that there would be no changes except by methods authorized in the then existing laws. But this threat of a new constitution gave those who were plotting against her Government the excuse for which they were waiting. Although the Queen had entirely given up her idea of a new constitution, the Americans in the city of Honolulu pretended to believe that their liberties were in danger, and they assembled in mass meeting and arranged a Committee of Safety and organized for their defense.

The Nursery Maids' Insurrection

A MR. LOPER, who was invited to lead the volunteer forces of the foreign element, declined the honor unless he could first talk to the American minister. At the Legation Mr. Stevens gave him the assurance he desired. The next day, although a state of public peace prevailed; although the ladies of the town, with their children, were driving about in their carriages, shopping and paying calls; and while the benches in the plazas were occupied by nursemaids and their charges, Minister Stevens asked his side-partner, Captain Wiltse, to land a force of marines and several Gatling guns for the protection of American interests. Instead of surrounding the property of American citizens in the business part of Honolulu, the American forces were stationed outside the Government building and near the Palace. Mr. Wodehouse and other adherents of the Queen drove to the Legation and asked Stevens at whose request the marines were landed. He said: "The ladies about town are very nervous and fear trouble."

Mr. Wodehouse replied: "Why, the town, Mr. Stevens, is perfectly quiet—as quiet as a Quakers' meeting. Were you asked by the Queen's Government to land these troops, and why are the forces occupying an armed position on the principal square of the town, commanding the Palace and Government building?"

Mr. Stevens made no answer.

"We left," says Wodehouse, "and are satisfied that Stevens means to assist a movement from the Committee of Safety." The Queen's marshal ordered the troops at his command to be prepared for an attack upon the Government, and called for volunteers. He assembled them at the police barracks and awaited the coming upheaval. It came the next afternoon at two o'clock, when thirty gentlemen—some say twelve, some say thirty—crossed the square in front of the Government building and, mounting the steps, announced that they had overthrown the monarchy and had established themselves as a provisional government. Their audience consisted of the American marines drawn up with their Gatling guns at a distance of less than a hundred yards, and the clerks at work in the Government building. These latter, on seeing a group of gentlemen reading a paper to themselves, leaned from the windows in order to hear what it was about. Thus with the aid, and only with the aid, of the marines the provisional government was established.

Or, to be quite fair, and to give credit where it is due, one should add that on this historical occasion our marines were assisted by the armed forces of the revolutionists to the extent of Mr. Oscar White with a gun. The presence of Mr. Oscar White is mentioned by several witnesses. One testified that he said, "Oscar, it is not prudent for you to be here with only one gun."

The Queen's marshal, from the barracks where his troops were assembled to the number of six hundred, sent word to Mr. Stevens to inquire if the United States forces intended to recognize the thirty gentlemen on the steps and the belligerent Mr. White. Mr. Stevens replied that he already had recognized the provisional government. This was only an hour after it had announced its existence, and is the record for rapid recognition.

The Queen, with a very proper appreciation of the situation, surrendered, not to the provisional government, but to "the naval forces of the United States." Mr. Cleveland, who, shortly after this occurred, became for the second time President, endeavored to undo the work of Mr. Stevens and to reinstate the Queen. This act of justice, however, was frustrated by Congress—which in this case represented the wishes of a majority of our people—and by the Queen herself. For, seeing that she was so strongly supported, she demanded that those who had opposed her should be beheaded. This bloodthirstiness disgusted every one, and Mr. Cleveland, who, in spite of much opposition, had patiently endeavored to give her justice, withdrew his support.

In January of 1901 our Government sent three gunboats to La Guayra to intimidate President Castro, who had threatened to take away a concession from the Bermudez Asphalt Company and bestow it upon the rival Warner-Quinlan Company, of Syracuse. The dispute was one which should have been settled through the courts and by a surveyor's transit, as it was entirely a question of boundaries. But the Asphalt Trust represented that a revolution had broken out which threatened their property at Guanaco and the lives of their employees. At the time they asked for warships the revolution was mildly progressing at Catupano, a place as far removed from the property of the Asphalt Company as is Chicago from New York. As a matter of fact, nothing happened to the zinc sheds and mud huts of the Asphalt Company, and the only result of our bullying a small and friendly Power with our warships was to gain its dislike and again to see our bluejackets mobbed by overexcited patriots.

Fortunately, our last and most important act as an incubator for baby republics was without bloodshed, and our sovereignty has been established at the most important strategic point of the two continents, apparently to the satisfaction of all concerned.

For, what our Government repudiated in Walker it has accomplished in its own way in Panama, just as the English Government, after punishing Doctor Jameson, took his unfinished raid in hand and finally succeeded in overthrowing the Transvaal Republic. For attempting to do the same thing it had sent him to Holloway jail. In the revolution in Panama the naval forces of the United States were the deciding factor. Without their backing, and without our hasty recoguition of the new republic, after several years the revolutionists might have found themselves fighting for their independence. It is easy for the uninformed to laugh at the revolutions in Central America; but it should be remembered that the last real revolution in Colombia continued for three long years, and of those engaged in it on both sides, ten thousand lost their lives.

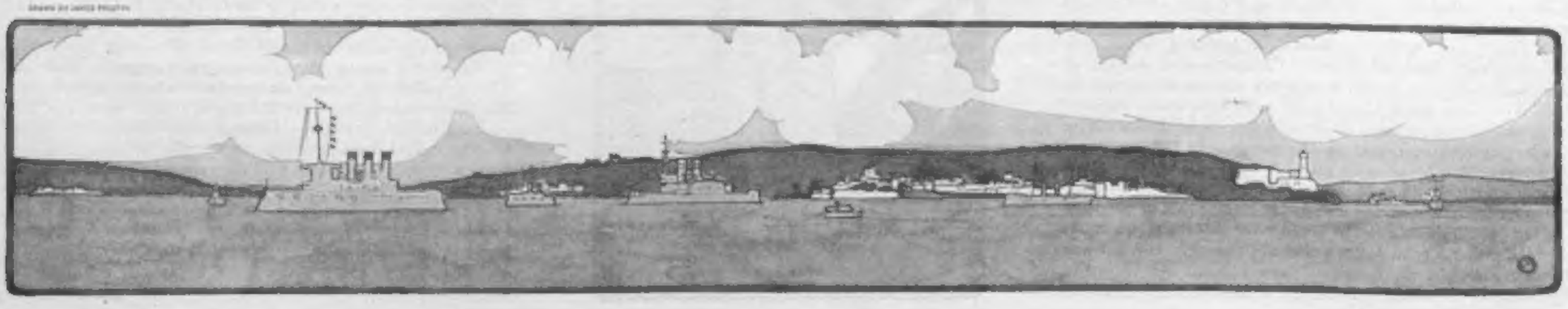
The Rights and Wrongs of Panama

SO, THOUGH, according to international morals, our Government was wrong in so quickly recognizing this get-rich-quick republic, from a humanitarian point of view her action must be commended, as it saved many lives. Not that any one supposes it acted from motives of humanity. But by this *coup d'état* it cleared the ground for a great international waterway which will be for the good of all. In no corner of the globe is there a trader with goods to sell, or a man, woman or child with money to give in exchange, who will not feel the benefit of this bloodless revolution.

And this time there are no haunting memories. No American dreamer of empire lies bleeding in the wet sand, no pretty princess begs at the White House for the throne and crown wrested from her mother, no bluejackets beat their bare fists against the knives of a mob. On the contrary, it was a most decorous revolution. There was not even a headache the following morning. Except for the would-be dogs in the manger at Bogota, everybody, in Europe, in the Far East, and even in the Spanish-American republics, is apparently satisfied. The situation reminds one of the man who announced to another the death of a mutual acquaintance.

"What was the complaint?" he was asked.

"There was no complaint," he said.



THE MORTON MARRIAGE

One Step Up Toward Newport

By HARRISON RHODES

THE marriage fairly overwhelmed Detroit and it did not fail to create excitement in Rome. Rome is easily excited, it is true; still, any event that involved the family of the Castoldini was legitimately cause for interest. It is customary to speak of Roman society as tremendously modernized, in the least complimentary sense of that word; yet the great historic names still carry about them much of the old glamour, and Castoldini had come sounding down the centuries, to be borne proudly in the late nineteenth by the Prince and his two daughters, Donna Luigia and Donna Bianca.

It cannot be said that, even in Detroit, the name of Morton enjoyed similar prestige.

"I have sometimes been sorry, Ned," Mrs. Morton would say to her son, "that your father does not care for society."

As the dislike for social pleasure had amounted to a flat refusal to wear evening dress or to go to parties of any sort, it had undoubtedly prevented the family from assuming a particularly fashionable position. Mrs. Morton was not a pushing woman, and her husband, whose business connections might have forced her anywhere, would have despised the process as much as he did the end in view. She indulged in only occasional and vague regrets. For example, she and Ned went to the Second Baptist Church; her husband had been bred in that faith, and in it, at least in the sense of sending his family to that church, he remained. Mrs. Morton was the best of women and took her part in all the church work; but she could not help feeling that society people seemed mostly Episcopalians. Such thoughts, however, she kept to herself. Her son was so foolish as to allow his father to suspect his feelings.

At sixteen Edward Morton awoke to the fact that his social position in Detroit was not all that he could wish; this was a year of humiliation. Then he discovered from the newspapers how delightful life in New York and Newport was. In his heart flamed up ambition. At eighteen he would be going to college, far from Detroit, and far, so he told himself beneath his breath, from his parents. He already foresaw a time when his social polish would outshine theirs.

Four years at Harvard were not thoroughly satisfactory. Edward thought his allowance ridiculously small and the rule silly which forced him to pass the summer vacations in the family cottage at St. Clair Springs, a period when he felt he might be seeking his fortunes upon the highroads which lead from Newport through Lenox to Bar Harbor. To add to these vexations, there was the shadow of his impending fate after graduation. He was then to "buckle down," to use his father's expression, to work in Detroit. The thought of this ruined Edward's last winter in Cambridge, and the feeling of annoyance would have become almost unbearable by summer. But in March Mr. Morton died.

Edward's grief was tempered by various considerations. As he traveled west to the funeral his brain was fairly awhirl with projects which his freedom made possible. Only one problem disturbed him, but this was of some delicacy—to what extent it now became his duty to have his mother with him. He was fond of her and he would not have wished her to be lonely. Yet life with a mother is not exactly freedom, and Edward felt more acutely than before that a few years under these changed conditions would put even a finer finish on his own correctness and accentuate more than ever certain contrasts in the family.

To his aid in the solution of these problems his father's will came in an astonishing fashion. All the property was left in trust to Mrs. Morton. To Edward was bequeathed every facility to enter the business in Detroit—nothing more. It decided him that his duty was clearly to his mother.

Mrs. Morton was too loyal to her husband to characterize his will as unfair, but she was not strong enough to carry out what she knew had been his intentions. She ended by crying over her son and telling him that her income was his as well. She flutteringly asked about his plans, about Detroit and the business. Edward felt that the moment had come not to mince matters. He flatly repudiated Detroit. In her heart of hearts Mrs. Morton rejoiced, for she, too, all through the years of comfortable married life, had had visions of Europe, and mingling with her very real grief she experienced something of Edward's sense of freedom. Although her son had told her he should not wish to drag her away from her old home and associations, she began arranging to close the house in Detroit. Edward said nothing, but his temper was not sweetened, nor were the eyes with which he regarded his mother made any less critical.

After six months' traveling they arrived in Rome, a little tired; and without much discussion it came to be understood that they were to stay on through the spring. One afternoon Edward met a man he had known at college, traveling also with a mother. And this lady, as it chanced, had some acquaintances in Rome. The Mortons, at tea in her hotel, were introduced to two baronesses and a contessa. The latter showed some slight interest in the new acquaintance. She was not a very smart countess, but she was a beginning, and within a week Edward's mind, which had emerged from its earlier limitations to a conception of New York and Newport, now suddenly seemed to realize Rome as a field of activity.

It was in January that they arrived. One afternoon, late in February, as the two carriages passed, Edward raised his hat with some ceremoniousness to Prince Castoldini and his daughters. The sunshine seemed to flood the Pincio with a brighter gold. It was a mark in one's social progress to salute the Castoldini. Instinctively he turned to the lady at his side for sympathy; then his face fell.

"Didn't you see them, mother?" he asked severely.

"Who?" replied Mrs. Morton, confirming his worst suspicions.

"Castoldini and the girls." To hear him one might have thought he had known them for years.

"Seems to me I can never get to remember these Italian names," pleaded the culprit.

"You are not called upon to remember people's names when you meet them driving," retorted her son. "You're only called upon to bow. And 'seems to me' sounds as if you were from the country."

"WILL YOU BE THE PRINCESS CASTOLDINI?"

THE GOWNS WERE MADE AT HOME

If sons only realized how even a tone of unkindness in the voice can hurt a mother they would let irritability betray itself less often—or oftener, as the case may be. Mrs. Morton's lips trembled a little, but she made no direct reply. After a moment she attempted to propitiate Edward by showing curiosity as to the Castoldini. With great zest he detailed the information he had collected.

It is the common theory that an Italian title and extreme poverty always go together, but it is by no means true. The Roman nobles who did not ruin themselves in the building speculations of the early seventies are rich rather oftener than poor. Unfortunately, at this time, in his enthusiasm for the future of United Italy, Prince Castoldini wasted most of his patrimony. There are long rows of decaying and tenantless buildings outside the Porta Pia, the monuments of his folly, the staring penalty of being ahead of one's time. It does immense credit to his solid qualities that this blow at the beginning of his career did not stifle his progressive and liberal tendencies, and that many of the Roman nobility still disapproved of what they called his "American ideas."

The later financial history of the house is a record of disaster. After the initial loss the young family managed to live upon what was left of the Castoldini money and on the Princess' income. Three years before the period of this story the Princess died, and with her life ceased what had formed an important part of the family resources. Life became simpler than before, but actual pressing poverty was kept at bay. Then the undeserved blow came. The absconding cashier of the Milan and Como Silk Company brought that concern into liquidation, and unfortunate investments in Italian East Africa made the Bank of South Italy, an institution for savings from which the progressives had hoped for so much good among the poor of the Neapolitan province, fail. Prince Castoldini, said Edward, must have been left nearly penniless about three months ago.

The Roman gossips, experienced though they are in the expedients for defying poverty, could not imagine how the household could hold out much longer. But hold out it did, somehow, as yet. Donna Luigia and Donna Bianca were having their first season, and their father must have determined that at any cost they should enjoy it. They went to every fashionable entertainment dressed in simple but lovely gowns, and two superb horses still proudly drew the family landau to the Pincio or the Villa Borghese at the hour of the corso. The gowns were made at home, so it was said. And there was a grotesque story of the Prince with Luigia and Bianca washing the carriage and grooming the horses while the coachman, transferred to butler's livery, informed visitors that the noble family was not at home. It was probably untrue, yet the courage of Italian pride is indescribable. The Prince, with all his liberal and modern ideas, was still a Roman noble and would not abate the dignity in which the ladies of the Castoldini family ought to live.

"Pity there isn't a son," was Mrs. Morton's ultimate comment. "He might get some American girl with money to marry him."

"Too easily," said Edward.

"Now, I suppose these girls can't marry at all."

"They won't have a *dot*. No one marries without that here."

"It's a shame," cried Mrs. Morton. "Thank fortune, in America nice pretty girls like that can marry whether they've got a penny or not."

"They had better emigrate to America," suggested Edward, in rather a sneering tone. "Although I'm not

sure," he went on after a pause, slowly, as if he were working it out in his mind as he spoke, "that they wouldn't do better to stay here, even if they thought of marrying foreigners. Here, at any rate, they've got the Castoldini position."

The carriage wound its way down from the little hill-top park. Mrs. Morton glanced furtively at her son, as if to read further into his thoughts. But as his face seemed to express nothing, she turned to look at St. Peter's, rising dark against the rosy western sky. Finally Edward spoke.

"Of the two Luigia is the prettier," he said.

. . . . . .

There are various ways in which ambitious young men may be advised to make their way in the world. They are commonly told to pay court to the dowagers. But it is cleverer to let the dowagers do the courting. And this agreeable result may often be attained by serious attentions to some young woman who is much liked by her elders. Ladies who favor the young man's suit will send him invitations in order that he may see the object of his adorations. And those who do not wish him well will at least wish that he should propose—so that he may be rejected. Rome was divided on the subject of a possible Morton-Castoldini alliance, but the situation put Edward and his mother freely into circulation, if one may employ that phrase.

In the beginning Edward, of course, had moments of nervousness about his parent. She still used the phrases which to him "sounded as if she came from the country." And there were not lacking people to explain that the Mortons had no position in Detroit. But it really mattered very little. Italians are not connoisseurs of American idioms. And if there is one thing to which they are thoroughly accustomed it is the idea that no American lady living abroad, if one may trust other American ladies also living abroad, ever had a position at home. Edward was more presentable than he may seem to the reader of this story, to whom his snobbishness has been, perhaps unfairly, revealed. He was reputed to be very rich, and his dinners at the Grand Hotel carried conviction. Also, people really liked his mother. There still were nights when Mrs. Morton cried herself to sleep after Edward had been making suggestions meant to increase the smartness of her tone. Nevertheless, her son did, to an extent, recognize—surprise mingling with gratitude—that she was not the hindrance he had feared. It was especially pleasant that she got on so well with Luigia and Bianca and with their father.

EDWARD RAISED HIS HAT WITH SOME CEREMONIOUSNESS TO PRINCE CASTOLDINI AND HIS DAUGHTERS

Mrs. Morton was enjoying Rome enormously; it was really her long-deferred début in society, and she was almost childishly pleased to go forth on their nightly round of parties. Still there were homesick moments when she felt she must talk of America. None of the Americans would serve at these times; they were too busy talking of Italy. And among the Italians there was no listener like Prince Castoldini. It was part of the distinction of his manners that he felt it worth his while to comfort the little woman's loneliness. And her simplicity and her Americanism interested him more than the cosmopolitan civilization of so many of her compatriots. Also, because he loved his own Italy so well, Prince Castoldini had an infinite curiosity to learn why the great republic in the west had prospered so. Mrs. Morton often found herself talking on subjects which she did not commonly attempt, and gradually she built up a better picture of an earnest and hard-working community in the Middle West than her Italian questioner could have got from many a cleverer person. She had not passed more than half her life with a hard-headed Detroit man of business for nothing.

"The great point about it all is," said Castoldini to her one afternoon when Luigia and Bianca were dispensing tea in the faded great salon of the old palazzo, "the great point is that you all work. If we could all work here no one could guess how prosperous Italy might become. Our curse is that crowd of idle young men you see every afternoon on the Pincio and in the Corso."

"No, as my husband used to say so often, there's no place in America for loafers. He said the loafers generally went to the devil or to Europe, and he didn't much care which."

"I suppose Europe on the whole is better, although the two might be combined," said the Prince.

"Oh, I think——" began Mrs. Morton, and then she stopped. Perhaps the sight of her boy crossing the marble floor with Donna Luigia suddenly made her realize the personal application of what they were saying. She flushed, and the look that passed between the Prince and her was a step in their intimacy. In a way it comforted her to feel that some one knew that her conscience troubled her.

That evening, after long hesitation and wandering preludes, she asked Edward whether they had not better plan to reopen the Detroit house next winter. There was a long scene. Mrs. Morton, who had nerved herself to threats, rapidly passed to entreaties and ended in tears. Edward meant to stay in Rome and to marry Donna Luigia, he said.

"Are you in love, Ned?" asked his mother.

"Why, yes," he laughed, "why not? At least, I want to marry her. Think what we can do to the Palazzo Castoldini and to the villa at Frascati with a little money. They're better than Detroit, and I guess Detroit people will think so if they come here. Of course, dear, if you want to go back

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ROOSEVELT'S PLANS AND ROOSEVELT'S PERILS

Some of the Likely Moves in the Great Game of Politics

By Alfred Henry Lewis

THROUGHOUT Washington, and in every corner of Government, incessant, sedulous, dominant night and day, are heard the hum and the murmur of President-making. In time the hum will grow to be a clamor, the murmur swell to the vociferous dignity of a roar; as yet, however, neither lifts itself above a whisper.

For all that the soft pedal is just now in employment; this question of President-making has taken first charge of every Capitol ear and eye. One hears of Panama, of Aldrich's money bill, of General Wood and his troubles, of reciprocity, of tariff, of appropriations, of trusts and what they must do to be saved, of Japan and Russia and England, and how these tangle the skein of American interests in the Orient; but whether it be the one tune or another, and though the music be of Panama or a larger navy, the close, trained ear detects the throb and growl of the big instruments of the orchestra as they furnish forth that never-flagging accompaniment of Who Shall be Made President Next Year? The Presidency is the one mighty subject of every day in Congress and in Cabinet, and those others which have found indication are, with the last of it, mere moves in the game.

The White House is the hub of Washington concern. In a day of Harrison or Cleveland or McKinley one might have abode within a block of the White House and, for all the noise made by the occupant, have forgotten its existence weeks upon end. This is not now the case. There come and go few hours when the sun is up that President Roosevelt does not, with word or deed, or both, invoke public attention. And this, from the standpoint of the common fortunes, is a good thing. A President is all the better for being looked at and listened to. Also, the fact that a President boldly courts general consideration shows stoutly for both his courage and his honesty.

President Roosevelt intends Panama to become an argument in the mouths of his friends when they go forth to name him and elect him as his own successor. With all the power in his hands—and no one has yet measured the power of a President—he will push the Panama business to its finish. By this or that he means to split the Isthmus with that canal. American ships are to translate themselves from one ocean to the other without troubling Cape Horn; upon that marine miracle he stands resolved. And it is likewise current that, in deference to the prophecy of a long-ago Secretary of State, President Roosevelt is determined that both banks of the canal shall be part of the coast line of this country. Such decision would be much in keeping with the Rooseveltian character, which is wholly American, and its carrying out by no means inconsistent with Rooseveltian tastes, which never fail to favor steps of bold defiance. President Roosevelt has adopted that old ringing tag of the Sixteen-to-oners, and will—if necessary—dig the Panama Canal "without waiting for the consent of any other nation."

The propriety of the canal no one American, save the transcontinental railways, was ever heard to deny. But to the last crowned head of them, every European ruler, and even the elected one of France, has been and is opposed. They believe with Sir Walter Raleigh that he who holds the Isthmus of Darien holds the keys to the world, and are solicitous that no such lock-opener shall hang at the girdle of Uncle Sam. For years, indeed, since ever the earliest proposal on the American part was made to dig the canal, Germany, France, England and many another of Europe have intrigued and wrought against us. Especially have they bribed Isthmian officials to invent delay where they might not stubbornly refuse. And Europe still stands ready to keep us from our ditch digging. Much may be done with bribery in the tropics, where the very heat, making honest labor all but impossible, would seem to sap the integrity of men. Equatorial venality has been a proverb since time was, and the temperate has paid bribes to the torrid zone in every age.

President Roosevelt is wholly aware how American interest, and for that matter American right, has been withstood in the Panama instance by European intrigue, slyly working with money in the dark. Being rather a Scipio than a Fabius, he, if need be, will oppose finesse with force and dig the canal in the teeth of Europe.

There lurks in the Washington long-grass plenty of opposition to President Roosevelt. For that matter, there is always plenty of opposition to every ambitious official, be he President or path-master. The word "lurks" is used above advisedly. The giant per cent. of those opposed to the White House return of President Roosevelt lie extremely dumb and low. They consider their own interests, these men of opposition, and pause to note which way the cat will hop before they unmask their sentiments. At present they only hope for President Roosevelt's defeat: they are not so daring as to work for it.

Even those who openly declare against him are guarded in all they do and say. Their enmity is never bitter, never goes to the point denunciatory, never carries them and their fortunes beyond Republican recall. Their wool-foot caution in this regard reminds one of a story told by Colonel Cooper, of Tennessee, of that eminent Confederate chieftain, General Forrest.

Cooper was with Forrest from the beginning. On this hair-hung occasion Forrest was about to make his first attack on the invading Yankees. There was a modest uncertainty, not to say a kind of ignorant innocence, of war and its usages among these new soldiers. Just prior to the attack Cooper visited Forrest.

"So, General, you're going to attack these Federals?" said Cooper.

"Why, yes, Colonel," returned Forrest dubiously; "I reckon we-all had better go for 'em."

"Do you think we can whip them?" asked Cooper.

"Why, I ain't none shore as to that, Colonel," replied Forrest; "but this yere is my plan: We'll tackle 'em; and if we can't lick 'em, we'll j'ine 'em."

There are not a few to hunger for President Roosevelt's overthrow who incline to the scheme of the candid General Forrest. They'll tackle him; and then, if they can't whip him, they'll join him. To preserve a way wide open for the latter move they mix present opposition with a deal of sobriety and respect.

For all their conservatism and that decent forbearance wherewith they invest themselves and their actions, those in open hostility to President Roosevelt will fight tooth and nail against the Administration in its policies of Panama. They will have a double inspiration. They would like the Presidency for one of themselves—Senator Hanna, if his health hold fast; also, they would prefer to pleasure those great railways which hook ocean to ocean, and which smell, in a canal across the Isthmus, a stab at freight rates and a slash at railroad incomes. Yes, indeed, there will be a big battle waged against President Roosevelt and his adventurous plans for Panama; and the railroads, by every trick of politics and every artifice that money at bay adopts, will strive to multiply and recruit the forces that confront him.

The arguments adverse to President Roosevelt run to show the illegality and unconstitutional character of what in this case of Panama he is about. Not to go deeply into that business of law and the Constitution, but leaving such gear to the Senate, which delights therein, the common mind might ask itself what probable effect on a next Presidency the discussion would provoke. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that President Roosevelt were wrong, from standpoints of law and Constitution, in his Panama plans for a canal, would it therefore make him unpopular? The chance and the precedent lie all the other way. Jackson went cross-lots to the White House and pushed down panel after panel of constitutional fence. The grim Tennessean cared no more for a law than a cow does for a cobweb and walked through one with as little hesitation. None the less, it would appear as though the more laws he broke the more he became the people's idol. Politicians should reflect that public outlaws often have been public darlings since the days of Robin Hood. And, mind you, this is not to say but what President Roosevelt is utterly within the boundaries of law in what Panama things he presently attempts. Besides, the Washington wise ones know that, what with Europe's bribes and intrigues and the influence of American railways with House and Senate, it is the one sole way left in which the canal, so much talked of and so much staved off, can now be digged.

A Cool Statesman

SENATOR LODGE is among the chief ones about President Roosevelt, and might be called, without bruising the truth, his Man Friday in the upper house of Congress. Senator Lodge, for himself, has his own ambition, as is his perfect right. He longs to go to England as Ambassador, a post that has carried peculiar charms for New England men since that time when John Adams strutted and puffed about the presence chamber of St. James. Senator Lodge would make a fair Ambassador; the more perhaps for that it is an Ambassador's first duty to be dignified and his first privilege to be austere.

And yet, it should be a question whether, in a broad way of popularity, Senator Lodge could bring help to the Roosevelt cause. He is one of those brave, narrow, chill, strong, clear, honest, unbendable Back Bay gentlemen so frequently of Boston and its environs, and who offer mankind so many reasons for being admired with so few for being loved. In Senator Lodge one discovers each mark of weakness and each element of strength that combine in the New England type. He is cold, wise in the sort abstract, severe in a manner of the grim and gray, and, though lacking in any least of public mercy, is in private both generous and tender to excess.

Your true New Englander offends by unconsciously proposing himself to mankind as an example that all who strive for perfect virtue should copy out with care. It never dawns upon him that anything different from himself might still be as good as himself; and as for anything being better, why, then, the last door upon such contingency was long since closed forever! Offer fifty things to a New Englander, and his instinct is to believe that one of them is right while forty-nine are wrong. Your Western man, broken with a looser rein, would incline to the notion that every one of the fifty was right. Senator Lodge is a picture of his people as much as any Olney or any Quincy. He may be a tower of strength in the Senate, where there will be none more brave or eloquent; but in convention, or among men who must be tactfully encountered, and coaxed, cajoled and softly shown the path by the light of their own interests, he will fail as dismally as would an owl sent commissioner to a flock of blackbirds.

There is a flash of the irony of politics in this: Years ago it was Senator Lodge, then in the House, who offered the Force Bill. It succeeded in the House; but Senator Gorman, with a long-drawn filibuster, frittered the measure to death in the Senate. It is that very fight against the Lodge Force Bill which to-day gives Senator Gorman his hold on Southern hearts and makes him the most forward name among Democrats for the Presidential nomination. It is quite within the fall of the cards that Senator Gorman on the one side will be set against President Roosevelt on the other in next year's war for a White House, and should such be the turn of events Senator Gorman's production will be traceable to his defeat of that Force measure whereof Senator Lodge, now among President Roosevelt's most trusted advisers, was architect.

The Strength of the Opposition

IT SHOULD be observed that among a majority of the battle-battered leaders of his party President Roosevelt is not a favorite. The Hannas and the Platts and the Quays do not rejoice in him. One might have said the Depews, but such as the junior Senator from New York are mere passengers aboard the Republican ship and have no enrollment among its officers. They are passengers; they are entitled to a stateroom; but they have no right to issue an order and would be stared at if they did.

President Roosevelt is aware of his unpopularity with those whose names are furnished above. Nor is he dismayed thereby; he aims to go over the heads of such and reach the rank and file—as it were the peasantry of party. And if rumor's tongue wags with half-truth it would seem that he makes no failure. Newcomers from without, and particularly those who arrive from the West or the rural regions of the North and East, report him strong in the esteem of what the great Lincoln called the "common people." His unbuckled manner where humble men encounter him, his trick to recall a face and a prompt bluntness with first names, have given him vogue among the privates of the Republican army.

That good-natured familiarity which teaches President Roosevelt to hail his unfamed callers as "Jack" and "Bill" and "Ben" and then drag them in to luncheon is much frowned on by strict and white-haired gentlemen who hold it to be destructive of that sour dignity which to their minds should ever form the pedestal of a Presidency. To these, a President should be a statue, cold and white and hard and speechless—a thing of marble. They in nowise understand one who walks and talks and laughs and grasps hands with folk of obscure clay as though his blood were as warm and as red as their own. Thus does President Roosevelt come to be a shock to stilted ones. They resent him because he will not preserve a caste.

The very despair of these icicle oldsters, however, is a guarantee of popularity. Nor is President Roosevelt without a purple precedent. Frederick the Great, bantering jests with his rude soldiery about their camp fires, was feeding his popularity, while Gustavus Adolphus, when the paymaster did not appear, was always able to square accounts and make himself the army's toast by taking it to luncheon with him.

Also, it was that wide-flung sentiment of favoritism, held for him by the common men of his party, that gave Mr. Cleveland his nomination in 1892. The party nobility were largely against him. The convention was only forced to take him up by the demands of a militant commons. This had suggestion in a brief talk which befell between a Senator from Missouri who belonged to the anything-to-beat-Cleveland contingent and a delegate from his State. The two were in the Palmer House lobby.

"You are not for Cleveland," exclaimed the exasperated Senator at the close of a sharp colloquy; "you admit that. Now, why do you vote for him?"

"That's all right for you," responded the delegate sullenly. "You're goin' back to Washington. With me, it's different a whole lot. When this convention is over I've got to go home."

The home pressure which will come heavily to the rescue of President Roosevelt may as easily control a convention for him next June as it did twelve years ago for Mr. Cleveland.

What Wall Street Has to Say

THERE are millions, nay billions, of money in this country which seek their yellow ends in politics. These billions express themselves commercially in railways, banks, manufacturing enterprises and similar trade what not. This giant Money is already enlisted against President Roosevelt. It will seek to prevent his nomination; if he be named it will strive to defeat him at the polls.

Much of this money which works at politics will make war upon President Roosevelt's Panama policies because the canal which he means shall grow from them would injure its interest. All of it will fight against him by any method—whether it be Panama or the destruction of General Wood—because it cannot control him, and therefore fears him. More than one magnate of money has entered the White House with a "request" and left with a flea in his ear. Such have decided that their best safety lies in the wiping out of President Roosevelt.

This money enmity is at the bottom of no trifling part of the attack upon General Wood. That personage of epaulettes in his sudden elevation to the head of the army may or may not be a mistake. That fact, however—and let it be the one way or the other—would have no concern for four of every five of those gentlemen who now wax red-faced in their denunciations of it, save for the thought on their sly, albeit ardent, parts that the destruction of General Wood would be a set-back to President Roosevelt. As far as they may, these gentry, both in and out of the Senate, will commit President Roosevelt to the defense of General Wood. Also they bank on the President's hot temper and headlong loyalty to a friend in peril. When they have committed

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BAKING DAY

By BETTY SAGE

It's very hard to keep away
From kitchen on a baking day;
I stay about
Until I well assured have been
The road is clear, and I slip in
As cook goes out.

Oh, what delicious smell of bun
Or fragrant spice and cinnamon
Delights my nose!
But odors do not serve to slake
One's appetite; where is the cake,
Do you suppose?

Hark, what is that creaking sound?
I reach the closet at a bound.
Alas! Alack!
It is the might of Agnes Linn
A'leaning on the rolling pin—
She must be back.

Scarce have I composed myself,
I spy those cookies on a shelf—
Oh, what a joke!
My fingers slowly close on one.
Crash! Oh, my! what have I done?
The dish is broke.

A deadly pause; the next I know
I'm shaken by the collar, so
I scarcely see.
And then above the general noise
I learn the fate that waits for boys
As bad as me.

I try to look surprised to hear
Her using language so severe.
What have I done?
I saunter toward the stairway, where
I turn to make a face, and then
You bet I run.

Muggins Tarney's Tinkerings

Amazing Partnership of Destiny and a Small Boy

By Alvah Milton Kerr

THERE, take the meddy, that's Mummy's nice little man. It will do Tollie good—make him all well."

But the "nice little man" put both the medicine and flattery aside with a wailing protest, his small, pale face wrinkling itself into a many-lined weather-map, with the mouth the chief storm centre.

"Mummy will put some sugar in—make it nice and sweety—then Tollie will take it."

Still, with this alluring saccharine addition, Tollie came only slightly nearer the mysterious bait. He blinked his blue eyes over the proffered cup, tasted the contents, and threw himself back and voiced an unqualified disapproval of sleep-engendering potions of all sorts. He was a very, very young man, but he was old with the primal instinct of self-preservation and naturalness.

The mother looked worried. Her abundant brown hair was tumbled awry, her loose gown was slightly stringy and soiled, but, being unpinned at the neck, showed a milk-white throat. Her face was comely, though clearly the preservation of its comeliness was not her chief care; her hands, from the viewpoint of the æsthetic, were a pronouncement against dishwater and housework. The room about her was comfortable enough—a nickel-trimmed hard-coal stove, muslin window curtains, a cabinet organ, a reddish three-ply carpet soiled here and there and ornamented with battered toys. Outside, beyond a white picket-fence and a frozen street, spread the Paley Fork yards, the tracks and round-house and division station offices of the Western Central. Beyond the yards and the pinched confines of the little town, both to north and south, soared mountains in billowy masses. Brown bosomed for the most part, the towering slopes were darkened here and there with clots of scrubby pines, and here and there the lords of the peaks wore vast hoods of glistening white. Afar in the west the dying sun hung between two horns of a mountain-top, golden, shimmering; the air was cold and vaguely yellow; snowflakes, widely scattered and wandering like the souls of bees, drifted and wavered, seemingly too light to come to earth. Upon the mountains there was silence, in the Paley Fork yards the clanging of engine bells, the hiss of steam from exhaust cocks, and now and again the clumping rattle of drawheads battering together.

The woman in the cottage put the cup down and corked the bottle that furnished the cup with its vexing contents. She folded the little man close to her and began rocking him, crooning softly the while. In a moment she shifted her chair so that he could not see the bottle, for each sight of it apparently gave the wee fellow a disturbing qualm. Over by the north window a larger little man sat flat on the floor, a clutter of small things about him—the disorganized works of an old clock, screws, strings and bits of whittled wood. With a pocket-knife, a tack-hammer and a screwdriver he was laboring at the construction of a locomotive, the motive power of which he conceived might be furnished by the spring of the dismantled clock. Clearly he was a man of action and imagination. He had a big head from which, but the day before, a tousled mass of reddish curls, worn from infancy, had been shorn clean away. His head felt rather cold, to be sure, but delightfully light and airy and nice. He ran a grimy hand over its surface now and then with manifest interest; it felt like some one else's head, or, at least, a new one. However, it was immensely satisfactory. He had real starry eyes, light-brown and twinkling at everything. He looked at the disturbing bottle, at the tiny white face cuddled against the woman's bosom, and down at his tools and materials sweepingly. Apparently he could conceive a great many ambitions, as well as several sorts of mischief, in a single moment, or, at any rate, within a very short period of time. He ruminated:

"Tollie's sick, that's what he is—he's thess a white little feller with no strenth, that's what he is—that ole med'cine makes him sick, that's what it does—I wonder how I can make this spring stay coiled up? I ought t' have a key t' wind it up with, that's what I ought—Mummy shouldn't give him the ole stuff—it makes him go t' sleep w'en he don't want to, an' it's awful t' go t' sleep w'en you don't want to—I wish there wasn't no night nor no ole sleep, it's thess a waste of time, that's what it is—Where did I put that file? Here it is under me—If I get a chance I'll empty out that ole med'cine so Tollie won't have it t' take, that's what I will—I'll have t' toot for this engine w'en it runs; I can't make a tooter on it; for that takes steam—I'll make a bell for the engine out of Mummy's silver thimble, that's what I will—If Pa would happen t' step on my engine, he's got such big—My, if I only had four silver dollars t' make the drivers out of! I'll ask Pa, that's what I will—Pa ought t' take the med'cine; he said he could take a quart of it an' not get sleepy; that's what he tole Tollie—Pa showed me how t' start a engine w'en I climbed up on Big Susan t' see him yest'day; it's thess as easy; you thess push a thing over an' away you go; some time I'm going t' be a engineer, that's what I am—Tollie's gone t' sleep; I wonder if that sup he

POURED THE OFFENDING CONCOCTION INTO THE RECEPTACLE

took did it? He's thess a white little feller an' ain't got no strenth; that's what he is."

Heavy feet came tramping across the porch, the woman softly but swiftly ran up a stairway with the "white little feller," and, placing him carefully upon a bed, came noiselessly down again. A big, hearty-looking man was laughingly examining the work of the small laborer by the north window. He turned with a merry, "Hello, Lady Mother!" Lady Mother smiled but laid a finger on her lips with a hushing "sh-s-s-s!" and pointed toward the chamber above.

"He asleep?" whispered the big man.

Lady Mother nodded her head. The big man tiptoed across the room toward the little dining-room. "Have to get supper right off," he said; "ordered out on a special—go in about an hour. Fill my lunch-pail, Lady Mother; put in lots of coffee; going to be a cold night and a long run. Here, Muggins, if you don't make less racket pounding on that machine we'll have to give you some dope out of the bottle to quiet you." He looked at the young engine-builder with simulated severity. "This isn't a boiler factory; you disturb your mother and the baby. Say, Sue, you better give him a dose of the entrancer in the morning; keep him quiet during the day." He winked at Lady Mother.

The husband and wife passed into the dining-room. Muggins laid down his tools and went over and looked at the "entrancer" with a very serious countenance. Every relation that hinged upon the existence of this soporific stuff, to his way of thinking, demanded its annihilation; all the factors of consideration ran to one point and cohered in a verdict of condemnation. He quickly cast about in search of the most secret and least incriminating means of ridding the house of it. Spying his father's big lunch-pail sitting back of the stove, his bright eyes became brighter. Pa had declared that he could drink a quart of the medicine without experiencing ill effects. Obedient to the suggestion and several other psychic promptings peculiar to six-year-old boys, Muggins seized the pail, unscrewed the stopper of the coffee-tank and poured the offending concoction into the receptacle. There wasn't nearly a quart of the medicine, anyhow, not more than a half-pint, perhaps, and of course Pa would never mind a little dab like that. Maybe it would do Pa good, for Pa had a troublesome bunion, and the medicine might cure it. Upon full and serious consideration Muggins convinced himself that, as a point of pure logic, medicine must be good for bunions, but as a means of bringing sleep upon little boys—manifestly that was unjust and ridiculous.

Having disposed of the poppied menace, the telltale bottle remained. Alarmed by this fact, Muggins ran out and was in the act of hiding the bottle under the fence when an idea popped up in his mind. All sorts of things were in the habit of popping up in Muggins' mind, among them occasionally a real idea. The contents of the bottle had been of a milky hue. Slipping the empty bottle inside his jacket, Muggins awaited an opportunity, and after supper filled the bottle with water, adding a little cream from the cream-jug and a pinch of sugar. The next day Lady Mother was surprised and pleased that Tollie took the medicine so nicely, and even Muggins had to have a swallow of it, since, as he declared, he felt prickly and restless, which no doubt was true.

The closing meal of the day, made memorable by Muggins' "real idea," having been hurriedly eaten, Pa kissed Lady Mother and the guileless culprit, seized his full lunch-pail and strode over to the roundhouse to give Big Susan a look-over before the hostler should bring the mighty iron maiden out on the main track. Jack Tarney was particular about some things, Big Susan being one of the things. He had a strong and justified affection for her, the machine being one of the greatest and safest in the mountains. She was a Baldwin compound, using her steam in two sets of cylinders and gaining enormous power thereby; she had eight drivers and weighed two hundred and seventy thousand pounds, and she held her head high and snorted defiance to things both small and great. To drive such an embodiment of power, to hold the reins over such a creature, feeling the beautiful monster obedient to the iron bit, was quite enough to make a man proud of and particular about the business. But a "real idea," hatched even in a child's brain, is sometimes of greater potency than an engine's strength or a man's care and pride—it embodies Destiny itself.

As Jack Tarney, perched in the cab on the right-hand shoulder of Big Susan, rolled eastward over the Paley Fork switches that evening he looked over at the cottage. The man who leaves home to ride over mountains on a creature whose bowels are filled with fire and hot steam cannot always feel sure that he is coming back. There is ever the haggard Possible lurking beyond the Probable. His gaze lingered on the roof as it melted out of view; the "little white feller" was there, and down in the lighted sitting-room no doubt Lady Mother was sewing by the nickel-trimmed stove, and over by the north window—it really would be nice and funny if Muggins could use four silver dollars as drivers for his engine! But that would be altogether too profligate. Hard coal, and lots of other things, were too costly in Colorado.

The stars came out over the mountains, swimming goldenly in big blue pools of sky among drifting islands of fleece; the wind sucked cold against his face in the cañons when he leaned out, peering anxiously ahead around the curves, for they were running as the second section of freight Number 12. By times he saw the rear lamps of the first section, two crimson eyes, whisked out of sight beyond jutting rocks or glaring back from some lifting grade, perhaps a mile away. By ten o'clock they were well up the twisting slopes of the Cradle Range, by eleven they were upon the summit. The moon came up, slicing the scud like a colter of pearl; the wind blew in brisk, cold puffs; the mountains looked like vast heaps of ashes. It was still forty miles to Barn Butte, the division station, down among the hills near the plains country. Tarney got out his lunch-pail from the seat-box and began to eat and drink.

"This coffee tastes sort of funny—chicory or varnish or something," was his mental comment. "Guess it's the cream—kind of stale twang; reckon that Swede milkman must feed his cows rubber boots." Nevertheless he drained the tank.

As he dropped the pail in the seat-box he glanced ahead. The red lamps were two or three miles below. "McCracken is hittin' her up in great shape to-night," he ruminated. He leaned back and squinted around the boiler-head at the fireman. The man down on the fuel-deck looked like a perspiring negro. He had pulled the furnace door open and, bowing in the reddish glare, was washing his grimy face and arms in a bucket of water. Big Susan would need but little steam through the next twenty-five miles.

They rolled downward, following the glimmering rails around jutting heads and across wide slopes, over fills and through cuts that were mimic cañons, but always downward. Here and there they caught glimpses of the crimson eyes winking back at them and whisking out of view. Once the crimson eyes seemed not a quarter of a mile away, again they were surely a mile distant. Tarney began to grow fearfully sleepy. The feeling frightened him. He kicked the foot-board roughly and rubbed his forehead, he hung out the

window and drew down great breaths of cold air. Effort and air did no good; his eyelids were fringed with lead, a great robe of content, downy, delicious, was enfolding him. He tore at it, pushed it back, he hated it, yet it wrapped him closer, filling him with dreamy warmth and pleasure. He pushed up his eyelids with his oily fingers and tried to look at his watch. They must stop at Dander for orders—both sections; he must shut off and use air about a quarter of a mile west of the station; McCracken would probably be there—then his eyes closed and the clanking noises of the engine became music, and he was suddenly walking through a valley that was full of sun and summer and jingling streams, and Muggins was with him, and Muggins had four silver dollars which he threw up in the air, and the dollars became white doves and flew away singing like thrushes. Then Muggins himself began to sing like a thrush, and Tarney was astonished that Muggins could sing so beautifully; but presently Muggins began to play a mouth-organ that made a noise like a steam calliope, and the mountains on either side of the valley hopped angrily toward them and butted together with a mighty, crumbling crash, and he awoke and found himself sprawling among stones and divers fragments of Big Susan's cab near Dander station.

The body of Big Susan was on the track, but the tender and the next three cars were splintered and flung awry. Big Susan had the caboose of the first section literally on her horns, with the front end of the caboose jammed through the bay-window of the station into the telegraph office. Several persons had broken bones; Tarney himself had a dislocated shoulder and sundry bruises, but happily no life had been sacrificed to Muggins' "idea."

It was a clear case. Jack Tarney had slept and let his engine into the first section of freight Number 12. Superintendent Burke brought him in "on the carpet," but it was hardly worth while; only one verdict was possible—his "time" and the privilege of looking for employment elsewhere.

Tarney execrated his stupidity and nursed his hurts in ignorance of their primary cause, Lady Mother was shocked and beset with apprehensions, Muggins hid his head under the bedclothes at night, for he most distinctly "saw things." He would fain have unbosomed himself, but the horrifying immensity of the thing—broken bones, wrecked trains and his father discharged! His hair evinced a pronounced determination to stand on end when he thought of it. What sort of punishment would be meted him for the perpetration of such a crime? That thought also made his hair lift. A six-year-old boy is usually painfully frank; a six-year-old boy confronted by a probable personal cataclysm is sometimes painfully reticent. Muggins grew pale and without appetite, but he kept his great secret. However, his burden grew somewhat lighter upon hearing his father one day comfort Lady Mother with the statement that, so soon as his shoulder were healed, he was going down to the Queen Cove Mine to work, thus assuring them bread until spring, when he would sell the cottage and seek an engineer's position east of the mountains.

It was late January when Tarney went down to the Queen Cove, and in March fell the happening that set things right. On the Western Central the affair is spoken of by many as the strangest accident in the history of the road; by the devout it has been pointed to as a miracle. The writer confesses that to his mind something more than senseless chance and blind coincidence look to have been at work—if these were the only elements, then chance and coincidence call for reverence.

The Queen Cove Mine was oddly situated; had this not been so the miracle—or tragic incident, as you please—could not have fallen. The mine lay in a kind of cove, a wide-lipped bore in the solid base of Silver Mountain, thirty-seven miles east of Paley Fork. At that point the Sandrill River, twisting down from the mountains of the northwest, whips its way into the Cradle Range, cutting southward around the eastern base of Silver Mountain. Doubtless in some former age its obstructed waters gnawed into the foundation of the mountain, leaving the vast excavation known as Queen Cove. This striking example of the power of erosive forces was some four hundred feet wide at the mouth and nearly half a mile deep; its walls jutted outward for the most part and were from six to eight hundred feet high. No human foot had ever scaled those beetling ramparts. Near the most inner point of the great burrow a thin stream, during the wet season, leaped down from the heights and battered itself into mist on the stone floor. At one side a tunnel entered the rock formation, driven in on a narrow vein of gold-bearing conglomerate almost on a level with the floor of the strange inclosure. Working in this small mine were eighteen men; in the cove were three flimsy shacks and a boarding-house shed. The wives and children of three of the miners were housed in the shacks, the other miners were unmarried or had families elsewhere, Jack Tarney, after his arrival, being numbered among the latter.

Running southeastward across the mouth of the cove foamed the cold waters of the Sandrill; the track of the Western Central also crossed its outer opening, squeezed in between the river and the cove. A mile farther down the river lay Bridge Point, a small station, near which the track of the Western Central crossed the Sandrill and made eastward over the main body of the Cradle Range. From the little mine in the cove a mule trail wound down to Bridge Point, following the track and the river, and at that time the ore from the Queen Cove went in sacks by muleback to the station for shipment. That was the situation when Muggins did the deed.

Clearly, if, during the period of high water and ice-flow, the Sandrill should become seriously obstructed and its flood thrown into Queen Cove, as was probably the case when the cove was chiseled out of the mountain, the dwellers there would meet a sorry fate. Never in the known history of the region had this peril fallen, but on the sixteenth day of March, following Tarney's advent at the mine, it came. The Sandrill was straining its banks at that time and was sprinkled with eddying masses of shattered ice. While it was yet dark on that morning some of the sleepers in the little camp in the cove were awakened by the jarring of the mountain and a muffled thunder of noise in the outer cañon. They slept again and awoke in ice-cold water. Acres of snow, breaking from a high shoulder of Silver Mountain and hurling with it scores of pines and trainloads of dirt and stones, had tobogganed down into Sandrill Cañon, a quarter of a mile below the cove, stopping the flow of the river as by magic. The engorging mass lay across the railroad track and filled the bed of the stream from thirty to fifty feet deep—at points it was two hundred feet wide. Given time, the river would eat a channel through the obstruction, but in the mean time the people in Queen Cove—they were as rats in a flooded hole.

"THERE, TAKE THE MEDDY, THAT'S MUMMY'S NICE LITTLE MAN"

Jack Tarney jumped out of his bunk in water that came to his thighs and out the door into a flood breast deep. Dawn was breaking and the cove was filled with a greenish light; the vast walls soared about him, furrowed, bulging, dank; the whole area of the cove was awash with a flood the currents of which ran twisting and pushing everywhere; the place echoed with human cries. The chill of the water cut to his marrow. He glanced toward the cove's mouth; the Sandrill was rolling over the railroad track in a steel-gray sheet three hundred feet wide, emptying its impeded waters into the cove in angry madness. Shocked beyond expression by the awful situation, he swayed in the water for a moment, then lunged forward, spurred by the instinct of self-preservation. The long, low building used as a boarding-house lifted and turned over and rolled like a log, crushing and tearing in pieces; the three little shacks were driving toward the inner curve of the cove. A man splashed by Tarney, half-swimming, half-pushing himself by his toes on the rocky bottom.

"What's happened? Where are the women and children?" shouted Tarney.

The man was gulping and strangling. "Most of 'em and most of th' men air in the tunnel—they run in there w'en th' water begun comin' in," he sputtered.

"Fools! They'll be smothered, they'll be drowned like gophers," cried Tarney, turning toward the tunnel. But why should he try to enter the rapidly filling hole, why should he attempt the utterly impossible? A strangling baby washed by him; he grasped it and pushed toward the mouth of the cove. He had not gone fifty feet before he was beyond his depth and fighting for life. He was not an expert swimmer and was compelled to use one hand to hold the child's head above the water. Near the railroad track he was swept twice around a long circle by the angry current. As he went round he saw a man sink not far from him and caught a glimpse of objects in the cove; the shacks were rolling and bumping against the jutting walls, mules were struggling in the water and upset wagons washing about; at one side a man and woman were clinging to a projecting ledge; at the farthest point three men and a little girl had drawn themselves up on some knotted humps of stone. The six people he caught sight of possibly were safe, but the human beings in the tunnel! The drift ascended slightly, but if the water rose to a depth of ten feet on the floor of the cove the tunnel would fill solidly to its inner end! Then inevitable death must seize all who had fled into it for safety.

A vision of this glimmered in Tarney's mind as he was borne round in the ice-sprinkled flood, then suddenly he was whipped into a current that was like a mill-race and carried downward between the mountain wall and the water-covered railroad track. He whirled along for perhaps a hundred yards when he was swept into a wide eddy and thrown out upon some projecting rocks, where he clutched fast and drew himself up, struggling hard for breath. He still held the child; it began to cry. He was racked with pain and inexpressibly cold. He folded the child close in his arms; it was quaking and purple. He looked abroad and saw the wreckage of the avalanche—the wide mass of snow and débris that clogged the cañon, the river coiling and pushing as in madness against this barrier, and turning back and rolling into Queen Cove, angrily seeking an outlet. The man shuddered; the freezing flood was wide, a perpendicular wall was at his back, he saw no present means of escape. The rising sun flung a scarlet beam down from the eastern mountains; the fragments of ice seemed to take fire. He thought of the "little white feller" and Muggins and Lady Mother; they must be getting up about now. Should he ever see them again?

But Lady Mother and Muggins had been up for quite two hours. That was delightful destiny—to the imperiled folk in Queen Cove really the greatest thing that ever happened. Muggins was coming down to see his father, and the fashion and sequence of his journey is one of the great stories of the Western Central. Bob Hammond, who now handled the throttle of Tarney's engine, was bringing the young hater of soothing-syrup down to the cove. Lady Mother, with many expressed hopes that he might be a good boy and not get into mischief, had brought Muggins over to the yards and put him aboard Big Susan at 5:15 in the morning. Bob was taking Big Susan through to Barn Butte to bring a special west; he would take good care of Muggins and drop him off at the cove all right, he said. Muggins, jocund with glee and expectation, climbed up on the fireman's side of the cab, and Big Susan rolled out through the switches.

She tramped along the track down Paley Valley steadily that morning, followed the steel through the hills that fringe the Cradle Range, then climbed around to the north side of Silver Mountain. Here, at High Pine station, Hammond shut off and jumped to the ground. Daylight was upon the

world, a glory was welling over the eastern mountains like blood-red smoke.

"Come on, Turner," he shouted to the fireman; "let's get some coffee at Mother Mason's; she's up, I see. Nothing leaving the Fork until 8:20 and Number 6 isn't due at Bridge Point until 7:06; let the engine stand. You never had any of Mother Mason's coffee? Well, it's the juice all right. She pounds the coffee fine and hangs it in a bag in the pot and lets it drip; great stuff. Say, kid, you better come along, too."

Muggins shook his head. He was munching a fried cake and had his organs of speech fully occupied.

"Well, don't monkey with things," said Hammond, as he and the fireman started across the right of way to Mother Mason's.

Muggins had been deeply interested in every element of the journey thus far, but when the two men had entered the little house his curiosity and interest quickened. He mounted the engineer's seat and his brown eyes glowed. He put his hands resolutely behind his back and refrained for a little time from touching anything, but there was the throttle-lever, a thing of marvels, a rod to conjure with! It fascinated Muggins. His father had once shown him how to start an engine; some day he himself was going to be an engineer; why should he not begin practicing? He laid hold of the shining iron and gripped and pushed and tugged at it. Suddenly it went over a bit, and as suddenly steam spouted from the exhaust cocks, and Big Susan moved away, making for Queen Cove and her part in the Queen Cove tragedy.

Through a little space Muggins laughed and rejoiced, then he glanced back and saw two men burst out from Mother Mason's door, hatless, white-faced, yelling. He essayed to stop the engine then, but could not; panic, fiery, terrifying, gripped him. He cried aloud and ran back and forth across the fuel-deck, the world was whirling rearward on either side of him; he crept into the gangway and looked down, the earth flowed back beneath him in a gray and dizzying sheet; he crept into the cab and scrambled to the fireman's seat and hid his face in the cushion, calling wildly on Lady Mother. Every atom of the mighty engine seemingly began to hum and roar. Thirteen miles to Queen Cove and every foot of it down grade! In three minutes Big Susan began to ring her bell, she rocked and rolled so violently. Using steam and carried downward by her vast weight, at the end of five miles she had attained a frightful speed. Muggins, pallid and wild-eyed, simply clutched fast to whatever was handiest. The long-nosed oil-cans leaped in their racks, coal shot back and forth across the tender, the smoke from the stack streamed flat along the boiler, the exhausts pulsed like fluttering hearts. Downward the engine rushed, since time began one of man's most beautiful and terrible creations. On the curves all her iron clanged and quivered; on the short, straight stretches she sprang forward as if leaping to meet some mighty task. Did angels, invisible to human eyes, fly before her, leading her to the rescue of the imperiled creatures at Queen Cove? Was some shielding power thrown round the little being in the engine cab in that wild hour? Who may say? In the boy's mind was only terror and confusion; he gasped and cried aloud and was pitched from side to side. In the world around him the mountains seemed to rise and twist, huge spurs of rock fell and melted and rushed rearward, the very framework of things was hurling into chaos.

Down in Queen Cove the people in the tunnel, driven to its inner end, were up to their armpits in water; men held children on their shoulders, women were crying. Death whispered in the flooded cavern. Out in the cañon Jack Tarney hung among the cold rocks, the rescued baby in his arms; they shook and quivered together. The rising water heaved and turned and broadened, then sounds fell upon it, a flight of echoes sweeping down the cañon, palpitating, swelling, bursting finally into jarring thunder, then the man saw that which will remain with him until his last breath.

Like a creature from another world Big Susan crossed the mouth of Queen Cove. She seemed flying; the water that covered the rails, smitten and divided by her hurling front, dashed up over her fifty feet high and bent backward like enormous glittering wings; immediately about her black body, springing up from the inundated firebox, rolled a white cloud of steam; thus like some sort of stupendous creature, borne on crystal pinions, she swooped against the prone body of the avalanche. Her speed was surely a hundred miles an hour, and her two hundred and seventy thousand pounds of iron tore a way through the snow and débris as a bullet might tear through paper. Tarney was covered by the water that fell behind her as she passed; he heard an indescribable, thunderous crash, and looked and saw the pent waters of the river rolling out through the great gash Big Susan had cut in the barrier, and knew that life still remained the heritage of all in Queen Cove.

They found Big Susan lying against the side of Silver Mountain three hundred feet below the snowslide. She was stripped from end to end. In the wreck of the cab' lay Muggins, white as the snow and as still. Both of the seat cushions were around him—whether he placed them there he does not know; if they protected him or not no man can tell. Afterward, when he lay in Lady Mother's bed in Paley Fork and the company's surgeon said he would be all right in a week or two, he began to cry.

"I wants t' 'fess," he sobbed; "I poured th' sleep-stuff in Pa's coffee-tank, so I did. He said he could drink a quart of the ole stuff, he did, and he couldn't, so he couldn't, an' it sleeped him, so it did, an' I'm sorry, so I am. But Big Susan can run thess faster an' anything, so she can; I found it out, so I did."

Lady Mother sent for Superintendent Burke and Burke sent for Jack Tarney, and after a time, when Big Susan had been put through the shops, Jack again held her throttle, but no run ever made by Tarney quite equaled the historic run made by his son Muggins when he broke the dam at Queen Cove.

A Hangman's Horoscope

THEY were hanging a murderer in Woodstock, Canada, some years ago and, as the case was a notable one, reporters were sent from all parts of the country to "cover" the story.

The old United Press sent a brilliant reporter from Buffalo. The hanging was early on a winter's morning, and the United Press man sought to give a little color to his story by telling about the stars and the cold winter moon that hung low in the sky.

Two or three hundred words of this sort of thing got in to the United Press office when Walter Phillips, who was looking out for the story himself, telegraphed to the correspondent at Woodstock: "Please divest that hanging of its astronomical features and get down to facts."

The Autocrat of Bayreuth

How Madame Wagner Rules Her Little World with a Conductor's Baton

By William Armstrong

SINCE the death of Richard Wagner his widow has reigned the autocrat of the great festival theatre at Bayreuth, superintending in the minutest details the presentations of his music.

In the fulfillment of her plans and ideas as the only woman theatre director in Europe, she has involved kings in controversies and set half the singers of Europe to quarreling. Should results be summed up it would likely be found that, whether right or wrong may have been conceded her, she has generally had her own way.

During the lifetime of Wagner she was noted for her mild concession to his wishes and for her helpful advice. On his death, refusing to bury his mantle with him, she proceeded to wear it.

In Bayreuth, with its festival theatre and music school, from which many Wagnerian singers are recruited, she reigns an autocrat. Her power extends to the limits of the little town, where she stands above the mayor and his councilors. The income of the place is derived from the Wagner theatre performances, to which people flock from all over the world, and from the singers who spend months there in preparatory rehearsals.

No queen reigns as absolute as does she in her miniature kingdom. When she has thought it necessary to measure swords with sovereigns or courts, she has done so as unhesitatingly as if she were dealing with the Mayor of Bayreuth.

Prima donnas and tenors, untamed by any other living influence, have had to follow her orders as mildly as if they were the wishes of their own hearts. Dramatic sopranos, whom neither threat nor pleading has induced to attend rehearsals against their will, have stood lamblike for three hours at a stretch while she has had the effects of lighting tried on them for a single scene. Tenors have sacrificed their mustaches and worn the most unbecoming of wigs when her fiat has gone forth. Conductors of world renown have had to change their tempi and readings at her dictation.

Every one of the principal singers, no matter what their experience, is privately drilled for his or her rôle with the same authority. Whether they like her ideas or not, there is no choice but to drop their own and adopt them. Only one is accredited with a successful revolt, and that was Popovici, the Roumanian baritone. When Lohengrin was first sung at Bayreuth he came with a letter of introduction from the Queen of Roumania and was chosen for the rôle of Telramund. During rehearsals, hours were spent by Madame Wagner in correcting him, while his colleagues stood about, ready to drop from fatigue. When she had explained her wishes at length he would genially say "Ja" to everything proposed. The next moment he would be following his own way again, and the same scene of correction would be repeated. They called him "Madame Wagner's black sheep."

MADAME COSIMA WAGNER

Regretting the tedium to which his colleagues were put on his account, the baritone finally adopted her suggestions. But when the first public performance arrived, on the stage, with his mentor in full view, but as powerless as though she were in Pekin taking tea with the Empress of China, Popovici did everything just as he wanted to do it and exactly as she did not want it done. His success with the audience was immense, and even Madame Wagner was obliged to acknowledge that though his way was not hers it was at least a good one.

But this was the great exception. Others have revolted, before and since. If they have failed to surrender, the station-master at Bayreuth has had the privilege of selling them return tickets home the next day, unless the number of trunks to be packed somewhat delayed their departure.

Under this régime it is scarcely surprising that many who have sung in one of these "festival" series have carefully shaken the dust of Bayreuth from their stage costumes and refused to return.

Veteran conductors, lifelong friends of Wagner, have insisted on certain tempi in directing, which at later rehearsals have been changed. In the interim Madame Wagner had held executive sessions with them behind closed doors at her villa, Wahnfried. Fragments of these interesting talks have floated out to the ears of the Bayreuthers while they tacked up "Room to Let" signs as their part of preparation for the festival.

The little town of Bayreuth, isolated from outside interests, centres in itself, and finds an unending theme in its festival performances. Scarcely is one series over than preparations and rehearsals begin for the next. The great theatre, built after Wagner's own plans—with means furnished him by Ludwig II, called the mad King of Bavaria — looms in sight from every point of view, typical of the place it holds in the lives of those who dwell in its shadow. The music-school in connection with the theatre has several teachers who are noted Wagnerian authorities, and sought out, not only by aspirants, but by noted singers, who go there to be coached in their rôles. This is the scene of Madame Wagner's administration.

Divided into two camps, the one upholding her decisions and the other firmly against them, the German press has not been slow to air the situation.

HEINRICH CONRIED
DIRECTOR METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Of recent years the festival performances of Wagner's music-dramas at Munich, in a theatre built exactly like the one on Wagnerian plans at Bayreuth, have seriously affected the original institution. Two years ago feeling ran so high between the rival theatres that the Mayor of Bayreuth was brought to task by the Munich director for conniving in the tearing down of his posters in the Wagnerian stronghold. Meanwhile, the artists singing at Munich received information that their presence at Bayreuth was no longer desirable.

A Position and a Personality Unparalleled

MADAME WAGNER, cut off by degrees from many resources, has gone more or less calmly ahead with her plans, not abating an iota from her conceptions. The daughter of the great pianist Liszt, for years the wife of the pianist-conductor von Bulow before her marriage with the great composer, Madame Cosima Wagner has inherited and absorbed a vast amount of knowledge and determination of purpose. With a score of the work in hand before her, able to put her finger on any bar of the music or line of the text without an instant's hesitation, she directs every item and detail in long hours of exhaustive rehearsal. When a new singer arrives, no matter how great his renown, she goes through every line of his rôle with him. The enunciation of every word, the explanation of every scene and its meaning is entered upon. Every step and gesture, as suggested by Wagner in his music, is rehearsed until it reaches spontaneity on the part of the singer. Every article of costume is indicated by her and submitted to her inspection when it is finished

Not one of the singers assisting at Bayreuth has left after her exhaustive training without advantage in development as an artist. Meanwhile, Madame Wagner regards them all as automatons for whom she provides thinking powers. Even in social matters she directs their movements. Each morning she issues to the principal singers a bulletin for the day in which are printed the names of those who will dine with her at Wahnfried or be received by her in the evening. No other plans, no matter of how long standing, are allowed to interfere, and only a doctor's certificate is accepted as excuse. He does not grant one as a mere friendly favor.

In other affairs the same inexorable régime is followed When a set anniversary day comes around during the festival season, baskets are put on Wagner's tomb. Into these the visiting-cards of all engaged at Bayreuth are expected to be placed. When night comes the baskets are carried to Wahnfried, and Madame Wagner goes through their contents. Her memory is keen; if by any chance a singer's name is missing that singer receives an intimation of it the next morning.

Unbending she can be, and in such moments her personality is regarded as charming. With a face very like that of Savonarola, she carries herself with an admirable dignity of manner that does not suffer by contrast with that of the queens and princesses she receives.

The woman is as unique as the position she holds and which, by her strong personality, she has in great measure made for herself In other directions that same personality has asserted itself, and very strongly in the interests of her only son by Wagner, Siegfried. Mr. Anton Schott, the tenor identified with early performances of Wagner's works, tells of him that one day, when speaking of the hardships that had beset his own career and of his strenuous struggles, he suddenly pointed toward the little Siegfried playing in happy unconsciousness and exclaimed, "Look how happy that child is, without a trace of music in him!"

That same Siegfried Madame Wagner has made the world receive, with great reservations, it is true, but receive, nevertheless, as a composer and conductor. When she announced his name as among the directors of the four presentations which constitute the Ring des Nibelungen, the part of the musical world that was not aghast was somewhat breathless. When word came that he had written an opera the discreet lifted their eyebrows and the indiscreet said things Siegfried Wagner conducted at Bayreuth in spite of all prophecies, including his father's, and his operas have been sung in several of the principal theatres of Germany

Naturally, a woman of such strong personality, inspired with one idea—the presenting of the music dramas of her husband, whose theories revolutionized the operatic stage—has raised for herself devoted adherents and determined enemies. The one can see no flaws, the other no virtues, in her course of action. When dispassionate history shall be written it will concede that she was one of the most remarkable personalities of the time, that her influence was far-reaching, and that her dominant power was the more striking in view of the fact that in Germany the assumption of dictatorial authority by a woman is regarded with exceeding disfavor

The atmosphere of life at Bayreuth is artificial. It recalls that of the period when Goethe was crowned with laurel wreaths at the little ducal city of Weimar. In sustaining what is regarded as the "ideal," the main actors in its society pose more or less consciously.

Sometimes at Madame Wagner's receptions at the villa of Wahnfried, built for the composer by Ludwig of Bavaria, and an invitation to which is esteemed as a royal command obligatory of acceptance, rival prima donnas may meet and measure swords under the very nose of the autocrat. One such instance is in mind when a great singer, now almost forgotten in the obscurity of retirement, was approached by a young aspirant destined to be famous. The younger singer congratulated her distinguished colleague and pleasantly asked her a question regarding the rôle she was shortly to sing. "I am not taking any pupils this season," was the haughty rejoinder. For some seconds there was a dead silence, then every one present, who had, of course, listened to this charming incident, began to talk at once. But beyond these human outbursts of human emotion, artificiality, restraint and much transcendentalism make up the program.

Yet common-sense and shrewdness are strong components in Madame Wagner's character. She audits the accounts of the theatre and keeps down its expenses with the skill of a born financier; she can tell to a pfennig the amount coming to her husband's estate from royalties on the performance of his works at the opera houses of the world. She knows what is being said and written concerning Bayreuth and things bearing on it; the musical politics of the globe are known to her in detail, and that in itself is a feat, for they change much oftener than the flow of the tides

Singers who rebel against her authority are punished when the opportunity arrives; those who are loyal and do exactly as she tells them, in her sight or out of it, are rewarded with such plums as she has to offer.

She knows precisely what part of the press to appeal to when necessity arises, and what to keep watchful eye upon. The friends that she has made are so absolutely loyal that she can rely on their efforts to help her with pen and influence in powerful quarters. Above all, she is jealous of the protection of her husband's musical fame and everything bearing on it, and insists on the recognition of what she regards as her dignity. In this final aspect her latest ultimatum was to the German Emperor concerning the plan of dedication of the Wagner monument at Berlin. The official program did not please her and she made out one of her own. It was rejected for the reason that if her ideas had been followed it would have taken fourteen whole days for the performances. With word of its rejection she promptly announced that neither she nor any member of her family would be present. Officials were consulted and concessions were granted—modified, indeed, but still sufficient to make Madame Wagner send word that she would be present. The Emperor himself did not attend, in token of his displeasure, but Madame Wagner, having no token of displeasure to show, was in evidence.

The American Production of Parsifal

THIS is the personality with whom Mr. Heinrich Conried has had to measure swords over the wresting of Parsifal from the theatre at Bayreuth—the only place that it has ever been allowed a performance—and the forcible transplanting of it to the boards of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York

Parsifal, the last great work of Wagner before a fatal illness brought death to him at Venice, was, by his expressed wish, never to be performed at any theatre but the one of his own planning. The demands of stage setting and effects are extraordinary. At that time no other opera house had the resources to comply with them. Since then, thanks to the revolution accomplished in this line by the man of Bayreuth, great advance has been made in stage settings and appliances. His ideas can therefore be carried out, and more, in many theatres to-day. This removes a serious objection so far as artistic completeness goes, and effaces a grave obstacle opposed by Wagner to the general performance of Parsifal.

SIEGFRIED WAGNER

The scenery for the Parsifal production in America was painted by Burghard, of Vienna, exactly on the Bayreuth models. The costume-plates were designed by Professor Löffler, of the Academy of Arts in the same city. Here Bayreuth ideas have not only been carried out but improved upon. Anton Fuchs, since 1882 stage manager at Bayreuth, has been engaged in the same capacity for New York. All the soloists to appear have sung at Bayreuth, while Felix Mottl, engaged to conduct the rehearsals, has served many seasons as musical director there. Thus the artistic demands are accurately complied with in detail.

The Story of a Great Music-Drama

BUT, so far as Bayreuth is concerned, one great objection can never be removed—the wresting of Parsifal from its theatre means the loss of the one Wagnerian music-drama which makes its festival unique. All the other music-dramas are free to the world. To see Parsifal, people have had to journey from all parts of the globe at great expense and inconvenience, because it was only at Bayreuth that its performance could be witnessed.

Parsifal was sung there first in 1882, before the passage of the international copyright bill between America and Europe. Mr. Conried has found, on legal authority, that he is free to give the work in New York, America not being prevented by law, as are other countries subject to earlier copyright treaty.

Eight years ago, after consultation with Anton Seidl, the orchestra conductor, Mr. Conried went to Bayreuth and offered Madame Wagner $20,000 for the American rights to Parsifal. The offer, he asserts, met with friendly consideration, and seemed likely of acceptance, when Doctor von Gross, Madame Wagner's legal adviser, suddenly announced that it was the composer's wish that Parsifal should be held exclusively for Bayreuth. Shortly afterward Mr. Seidl died and the plan was abandoned.

At the first directors' meeting following his election as manager of the Metropolitan, Mr. Conried announced that he would do Parsifal in New York. The board of directors, composed of some of the wealthiest men of the city, young and with advanced ideas, welcomed the project. On his arrival in Europe last summer, where announcement of the plan had preceded him, Mr. Conried was bitterly attacked by a faction of the German and Austrian press, who pronounced it a desecration of art by American business methods. Manifold obstacles were put in his way. Reports were sent out that certain German singers would not appear in Parsifal in New York. As these singers had already signed to sing, Mr. Conried demanded a public retraction and obtained it

At this juncture, after scenery, costumes and paraphernalia were well under way, and great expense already incurred, Mr. Conried sent out a note to the managers of the principal opera houses of Europe. In it he said that if they would agree to abandon the project of giving Parsifal in 1913, when the expiration of the European copyright would leave them free to give it on exactly the same ground that he was free to give it in America in 1903, he would leave the work exclusively to Bayreuth for all time. They one and all declared their intention of presenting it in 1913. The result was Mr. Conried's final announcement that Parsifal should be sung in New York on the twenty-fourth of December.

THE COST

By David Graham Phillips

VI — Concluded

ALL along the bluff, some exposed, some half hid by dense foliage, were the pretentious houses of the richer and fashionable people of Saint X—the thirty or forty families who had prospered through industries developed within the past ten years. Two foreign-looking servants in foreign looking house liveries were bringing a table on which was an enormous silver tray with a tea service of antique silver and beautifully shaped and painted china. As Olivia turned to seat herself a young man and a woman of perhaps forty, obviously from the East, came through the doors at the far end of the long porch. Both were in white, carefully dressed and groomed; both suggested a mode of life whose leisure had never been interrupted. "Who are coming?" asked Olivia. She wished she had gone to her room before tea. These people made her feel dowdy and mussy

Pauline glanced round, smiled and nodded, turned back to her cousin. "Mrs. Herron and Mr. Langdon. She's the wife of a New York lawyer, and she takes Mr. Langdon everywhere with her to amuse her, and he goes to amuse himself. He's a socialist, or something like that. He thinks up and says things to shock conservative, conventional people. He's rich and never has worked—couldn't if he would, probably. But he denounces leisure classes and large fortunes and advocates manual labor every day for everybody. He's clever in a queer, cynical way."

A Mrs. Fanshaw, also of New York, came from the library in a tea-gown of chiffon and real lace. All were made acquainted and Pauline poured the tea. As Olivia felt shy and was hungry, she ate the little sandwiches and looked and listened and thought—looked and thought rather than listened. These were certainly well-bred people, yet she did not like them. "They're in earnest about trifles," she said to herself, "and trifle with earnest things" Yet it irritated her to feel that, though they would care not at all for her low opinion of them, she did care a great deal because they would fail to appreciate her.

"They ought to be jailed," Langdon was drawling with considerable emphasis

"Who, Mr. Langdon?" inquired Mrs. Fanshaw—she had been as abstracted as Olivia. "You've been filling the jails rapidly to-day, and hanging not a few."

Mrs. Herron laughed. "He says your husband and Mrs. Dumont's and mine should be locked up as conspirators."

"Precisely," said Langdon tranquilly. "They'll sign a few papers, and when they're done, what'll have happened? Not one more sheep'll be raised. Not one more pound of wool'll be shorn. Not one more laborer'll be employed Not a single improvement in any process of manufacture. But, on the other hand, the farmer'll have to sell his wool cheaper, the consumer'll have to pay a bigger price for blankets and all kinds of clothes, for carpets—for everything wool goes into. And these few men will have trebled their fortunes and at least trebled their incomes. Does anybody deny that such a performance is a crime? Why, in comparison, a burglar is honorable and courageous. *He* risks liberty and life"

"Dreadful! Dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Fanshaw in mock horror. "You must go at once, Mr. Langdon, and lead the police in a raid on Jack's office."

"Thanks—it's more comfortable here." Langdon took a piece of a curious looking kind of hot bread. "Extraordinary good stuff this is," he interjected; then went on: "And I've done my duty when I've stated the facts. Also, I'm taking a little stock in the new trust. But I don't pose as a 'captain of industry' or 'promoter of civilization.' I admit I'm a robber. My point is the rotten hypocrisy of my fellow-bandits—no, pickpockets, by gad!"

Olivia looked at him with disapproving interest. It was the first time in her life that she had been present at a game of battledore and shuttlecock with fundamental morals Langdon noted her expression and said to Pauline in a tone of contrition that did not conceal his amusement: "I've shocked your cousin, Mrs. Dumont"

"I hope so," replied Pauline. "I'm sure we all ought to be shocked—and should be, if it weren't you who are trying to do the shocking. She'll soon get used to you"

"Then it was a jest?" said Olivia, because she felt that she must say something to Langdon.

"A jest?" Langdon looked serious. "Not at all, my dear Mrs. Pierson. Every word I said was true, and worse. They——"

"Stop your nonsense, Mowbray," interrupted Mrs Herron, who appreciated that Olivia was an "outsider." "Certainly he was jesting, Mrs. Pierson Mr Langdon pretends to have eccentric ideas—one of them is that everybody with brains should be put under the feet of the numskulls; another is that anybody who has anything should be locked up and his property given to those who have nothing"

"Splendid!" exclaimed Langdon. And he took out a gold cigarette case and lighted a large, expensive-looking cigarette with a match from a gold safe. "Go on, dear lady' Herron should get you to write our prospectus when we're ready to unload on the public. The dear public! How it does yearn for a share in any piratical enterprise that flies the snowy flag of respectability." He rose. "Who'll play English pool?"

"All right," said Mrs. Herron, rising

"And I, too," said Mrs. Fanshaw

"Give me one of your cigarettes, Mowbray," said Mrs Herron. "I left my case in my room"

Pauline, answering Olivia's expression, said as soon as the three had disappeared: "Why not? Is it any worse for a woman than for a man?"

"I don't know why not," replied Olivia. "There must be another reason than because I don't, and didn't know ladies did. But that's the only reason I can give just now."

"What do you think of Langdon?" asked Pauline.

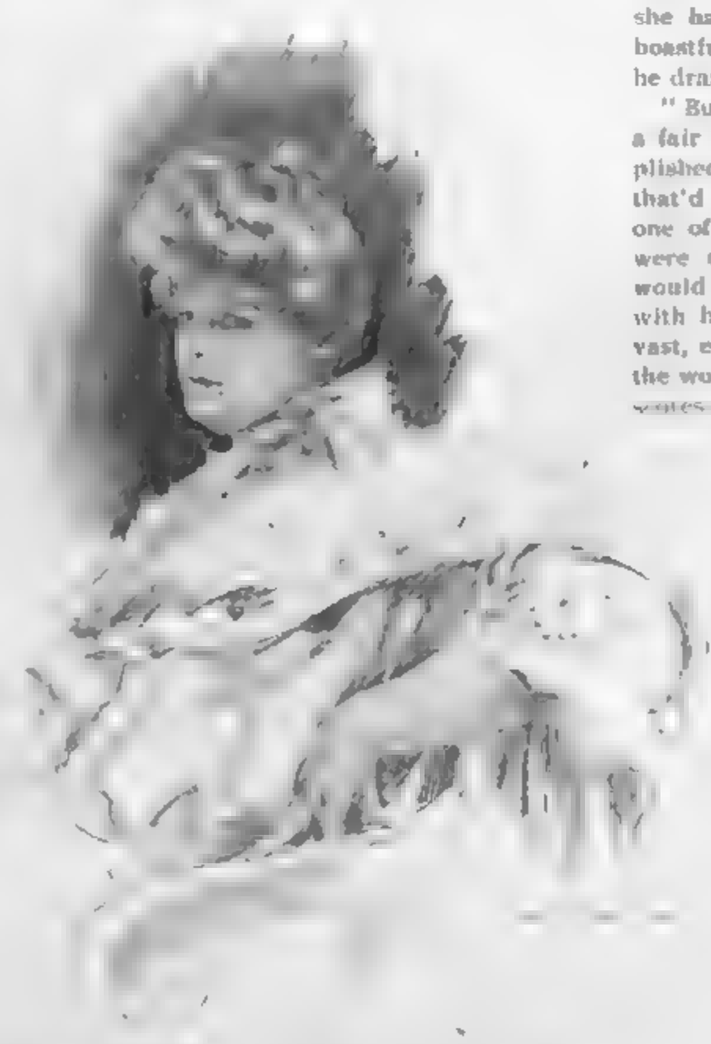
"I guess my sense of humor's defective I don't like the sort of jest he seems to excel in."

"I fancy it wasn't altogether a jest," said Pauline. "I don't inquire into those matters any more. I used to, but—the more I saw, the worse it was. Tricks and traps and squeezes and—oh, business is all vulgar and low. It's necessary, I suppose, but it's repulsive to me." She paused, then added carelessly, yet with a certain deliberateness, "I never meddle with Mr. Dumont, nor he with me."

Olivia wished to protest against Pauline's view of business. But—how could she without seeming to attack, indeed, without attacking, her cousin's husband?

Dumont brought Fanshaw up in his automobile, Herron remaining at the offices for half an hour to give the newspapers a carefully considered account of the much-discussed "merger" of the manufacturers of low-grade woolens. Herron had objected to any statement. "It's our private business," he said. "Let them howl. The fewer facts they have, the sooner they'll stop howling" But Dumont held firm for publicity. "There's no such thing as a private business nowadays," he replied. "Besides, don't we want the public to take part of our stock? What's the use of acting shady—you've avoided the legal obstacles, haven't you? Let's tell the public frankly all we want it to know, and it'll think it knows all there is to know."

The whole party met in the drawing-room at a quarter-past eight, Langdon the last to come down—Olivia was uncertain whether or not she was unjust to him when she suspected design in his late entrance, the handsomest and the best-dressed man of the company.



"HE SAYS YOUR HUSBAND AND MINE SHOULD BE LOCKED UP AS CONSPIRATORS"

He looked cynically at Dumont "Well, fellow-pirate. How go our plans for a merry winter for the poor?"

"Ass!" muttered Herron to Olivia, who happened to be nearest him. "He fancies impudence is wit. He's devoid of moral sense or even of decency He's a traitor to his class and shouldn't be tolerated in it"

Dumont was laughingly answering Langdon in his own vein. "Splendidly," he replied, "thanks to our worthy chaplain Herron, who secures us the blessing and protection of the law."

"That gives me an appetite!" exclaimed Langdon "I feared something might miscarry in these last hours of our months of plotting. Heaven be praised, the people won't have so much to waste hereafter. I'm proud to be in one of the many noble bands that are struggling to save them from themselves."

But Dumont had turned away from him; so he dropped into Mrs. Herron's discussion with Mrs. Fanshaw on their proposed trip to the Mediterranean. Dinner was announced and he was put between Mrs. Herron and Olivia, with Dumont on her right It was a round table and Olivia's eyes lingered upon its details—the embroidered cloth with real lace in the centre, the graceful antique-silver candlesticks, the tall vases filled with enormous roses—everything exquisitely simple and tasteful

Langdon talked with her until Mrs. Herron, impatient at his neglect, caught his eye and compelled his attention Dumont, seeing that Olivia was free, drew her into his conversation with Mrs. Fanshaw, and then Mrs. Fanshaw began to talk with Mr. Herron.

All the men were in high spirits; Dumont was boyish in his exuberance. When he left home that morning he was four times a millionaire; now he was at least twelve times a millionaire, through the magic of the "merger." True, eight of the twelve millions were on paper; but it was paper that would certainly pay dividends, paper that would presently sell at or near its face value. And this success had come when he was only thirty-four. His mind was already projecting greater triumphs in this modern necromancy by which millionaires evoke and materialize millions from the empty air—apparently. He was bubbling over with happiness—in the victory won, in victories to be won.

Olivia tried him on several subjects, but the conversation dragged. Of Pauline he would not talk; of Europe, he was interested only in the comfort of hotels and railway trains, in the comparative merits of the cooking and the wines in London and Paris. But his face—alert, shrewd, aggressive—and his mode of expression made her feel that he was uninteresting because he was thinking of something which he did not care to expose to her and could not take his mind from. And this was the truth. It was not until she adventured upon his business that he became talkative. And soon she had him telling her about his "combine"—frankly, boastfully, his face more and more flushed, for as he talked he drank.

"But," he said presently, "this little matter to-day is only a fair beginning. It seemed big until it was about accomplished. Then I saw it was only a suggestion for a scheme that'd be really worth while." And he went on to unfold one of those projects of to-day's commerce and finance that were regarded as fantastic, delirious a few years ago: He would reach out and out for hundreds of millions of capital, with his woolens "combine" as a basis he would build a vast, enormous corporation to control the sheep industry of the world—to buy millions of acres of sheep ranges; to raise scores of millions of sheep; to acquire and to construct hundreds of plants for utilizing every part of the raw product of the ranges; to sell wherever the human race had or could have a market

Olivia was ambitious herself, usually was delighted by ambition in others. But his exhibit of imagination and energy repelled her, even while it fascinated her. Partly through youth, more through that contempt for concealment which characterizes the courageous type of large man, he showed himself to her just as he was. And she saw him not as an ambition but as an appetite, or rather a bundle of appetites. "He has no ideals," she thought "He's like a man who wants food only for itself, not for the strength and the intellect it will build up And he likes or dislikes human beings only as one likes or dislikes different things to eat."

"It'll take you years and years," she said to him, because she must say something

"Not at all." He waved his hand—Olivia noticed that it looked as much like a claw as like a hand "It's a skyscraper, but we build

skyscrapers overnight. Time and space used to be the big elements. *We* practically disregard them." He followed this with a self-satisfied laugh and an emptying of his champagne glass at a gulp

The women were rising to withdraw After half an hour the men joined them, except Dumont and Fanshaw. They did not come until eleven o'clock Then Dumont was so abrupt and surly that every one was grateful to Mrs. Fanshaw for taking him away to the west veranda to walk

VII

THE following afternoon Dumont took the Herrons, the Fanshaws and Langdon back to New York in his private car, and for three days Olivia and Pauline had "The Eyrie" to themselves. Olivia was about to write to Scarborough, asking him to call, when she saw in the News-Bulletin that he had gone to Denver to speak. A week after she left, Dumont returned bringing his sister Gladys, just arrived from Europe, and Langdon. He stayed four days, took Langdon away with him and left Gladys

Thus it came about that Scarborough, riding into Colonel Gardiner's grounds one hot afternoon in mid-September, saw a phaeton-victoria with two women in it coming toward him on its way out. He drew his horse aside to make room He was conscious that there were two women; he saw only one—she who was all in white except the scarlet poppies against the brim of her big white hat.

As he bowed the carriage stopped and Pauline said cordially: "Why, how d'ye do? '

He drew his horse close to the carriage and they shook hands. She introduced the other woman—"My sister-in-law, Gladys Dumont"—then went on: "We've been lunching and spending the afternoon with father and mother. They told us you returned this morning "

"You took me completely by surprise," said Scarborough. "I supposed you were in the East."

"Oh—I'm living here now—Gladys and I. Father says you never go anywhere, but I hope you'll make an exception for us."

"Thank you—I'll be glad to call."

"Why not dine with us—day after to-morrow night?"

"I'd like that—certainly, I'll come. But I'm keeping you '

"We dine at half-past eight—at least we're supposed to."

Scarborough lifted his hat and the carriage drove on. "Why, he's not a bit as I expected," Gladys began at once. "He's much younger. *Isn't* he handsome! That's the way a *man* ought to look. He's not married?"

"No," replied Pauline.

"Why did you look so queer when you first caught sight of him?"

"Did I?" Pauline replied tranquilly. "Probably it was because he very suddenly and vividly brought Battle Field back to me—that was the happiest time of my life. But I was too young or too foolish, or both, to appreciate until long afterward At seventeen one does not think about happiness, one takes it for granted, as if it were the matter of course."

"Did he look then as he does now?"

"No—and yes," said Pauline. "He was just from the farm and dressed badly and was awkward at times. But—really he was the same person. I guess it was the little change in him that startled me." And she became absorbed in her thoughts.

"I hope you'll send him in to dinner with me," said Gladys presently

"What did you say?" asked Pauline absently

"I was talking of Mr. Scarborough. I asked if you wouldn't send him in to dinner with me—unless you want to discuss old times with him "

"Yes—certainly—if you wish."

And Pauline gave Scarborough to Gladys and did her duty as hostess by taking in the dullest man in the party—Newnham. While Newnham droned and prosed, she watched Gladys lay herself out to please the distinguished Mr Scarborough, successful as a lawyer, famous as an orator, deferred to because of his influence with the rank and file of his party in the Middle West.

Gladys had blue-black hair which she wore pulled out into a sort of halo about her small, delicate face. There were points of light in her dark irises, giving them the look of black quartz in the sunshine. She was not tall, but her figure was perfect, and she had her dresses fitted immediately to it. Her appeal was frankly to the senses, the edge taken from its audacity by its artistic effectiveness and by her ingenuous, almost innocent, expression.

Seeing Pauline looking at her, she tilted her head to a graceful angle and sent a radiant glance between two blossom-laden branches of the green and white bush that towered and spread in the centre of the table.

Pauline forced a faint answering smile.

Dumont came again just after the November election. It had been an unexpected victory for Scarborough's party, and everywhere they were saying that he was the chief factor in it—his skill in defining issues, his eloquence in

HE WAS CONSCIOUS THAT THERE WERE TWO WOMEN. HE SAW ONLY ONE

presenting them, the public confidence in his party through the dominance of a man so obviously free from self seeking or political trickery of any kind. Dumont, to whom control in both party machines and in the State government was a business necessity, saw the new figure and began to study it.

"I can't make out what Scarborough's looking for," said Merriweather, Dumont's political lieutenant. "One thing's certain—he'll do *us* no good. There's no way we can get our hooks in him. He don't give a rap for money. And as for power—he can get more of that by fighting us than by falling in line. We ain't exactly popular."

This seemed to Dumont rank ingratitude. Had he not just divided a million dollars among charities and educational institutions in the districts where opposition to his merger was strongest? "Well, we'll see," he said. "If he isn't careful we'll have to kill him off in convention and make the committees stop his mouth

"The trouble is he's been building up a following of his own—the sort of following that can't be honeyfugled," replied Merriweather. "The committees are afraid of him '

"I'll see—I'll see," said Dumont impatiently. And he thought he was beginning to see when Gladys began to expand to him upon the subject of Scarborough—his good looks, his wit, his "distinction "

Scarborough came to dinner a few evenings later and Dumont was particularly cordial to him; and Gladys made the most of the opportunity which Pauline again gave her. That night, when the others had left or had gone to bed, Gladys followed her brother into the smoke-room adjoining the library. They sat in silence drinking a "night cap" In the dreaminess of her eyes, in the absent smile drifting round the corners of her full red lips Gladys showed that her thoughts were pleasant and sentimental

"What do you think of Scarborough?" her brother asked suddenly

She started but did not flush—in her long European experience she had gained control of that signal of surprise "How do you mean?" she asked She never answered a question immediately, no matter how simple it was, but always put another question in reply. Thus she insured herself time to think if time should be necessary

I mean, do you like him?"

Why, certainly. But I've seen him only a few times."

"He's an uncommon man," continued her brother He'd make a mighty satisfactory husband for an ambitious woman, especially one with the money to push him fast."

Gladys slowly lifted and slowly lowered her smooth, slender shoulders. "That sort of thing doesn't interest a woman in a man, unless she's married to him and has got over thinking more about him than about herself "

"It ought to," replied her brother. "A clever woman can always slosh round in sentimental slop with her head above it and cool. If I were a girl I'd make a dead set for that chap."

"If you were a girl," said Gladys, "you'd do nothing of the sort. You'd compel him to make a dead set for you." And as she put down her glass she gave his hair an affectionate pull—which was her way of thanking him for saying what she most wished to hear on the subject she most wished to hear about

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Marvelous Mango

IN SUPPORT of efforts to extend the cultivation of the mango in Porto Rico and Florida, G. N. Collins, one of the Government botanists, states that this fruit deserves to become as popular as the orange and banana Another expert, George W Olliver, agrees that the mango will undoubtedly grow in popular favor "At present," said he, "it is suffering from a bad reputation, owing to the fact that the fruits that have been placed before the public in recent years have been grown mainly from seedling trees that are fit only to be used for stocks or as wind breaks." He says that the fruits of this tree thus far offered for sale are really wild or jungle mangoes, and that they bear the same relation to the scientifically cultivated mango that the crab-apple does to the Baldwin or Ben Davis variety

The great importance of developing this fruit has been so thoroughly recognized by the Government that it has had experts in India and other tropical lands searching for improved varieties. These have been shipped to America where, under glass, extensive experiments in propagation are under way.

It has been demonstrated that one mango tree will bear as many as 10,000 fruits. With 100 trees to the acre the yield at that rate would be 1,000,000 mangoes. An annual yield of 160,000,000 mangoes on a quarter-section of land shows the possibilities of this industry, when the fruit becomes popular

Though the primary use of the mango is as a fresh fruit, it serves many other purposes where its virtues have been recognized. Canned, they are pronounced to be as good as peaches. In official experiments by the Botanical Department of Jamaica thirteen mangoes produced one pint of jelly and five quarts of marmalade. Mango forms one of the main ingredients of chutneys. The bruised and imperfect fruit may be profitably distilled into a fair grade of alcohol. Roasted and made into a sherbet it is taken in India to prevent sunstroke From the leaves of the mango a yellow dye is extracted. The bark mixed with that of pomegranate and a species of bauhinia also produces yellow dye stuff. Mixed with the bark of certain trees of India a permanent black dye is obtained. The juice of the bark blended with lime yields a fleeting green To this mixture the addition of turmeric produces a bright rose pink Frequently a great amount of gum exudes from the trunks of mango trees. This is said to be a substitute for gum arabic

In India the mango, prepared in a variety of ways, is one of the staple articles of food It is used in curries, made into pickles, custards, salads, and certain kinds of cakes. Even the kernels are used. Stuffed with coriander and other spices and boiled in mustard oil, they are regarded as a great delicacy.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Subscription Two Dollars the Year
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Conventionality is not morality.

¶ A ruffled mind makes a restless pillow.

¶ The stationary stone becomes a mossback.

¶ The game of divorce is not worth the scandal.

¶ Saying the wrong thing is misfortune; but trying to explain it is disaster

¶ When we fail our pride supports us; when we succeed it frequently betrays us

¶ If man really wants but little here below he can get it by investing in trust securities

¶ Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comment of our friends upon them.

¶ The worst thing about dismal people who are gloomy at the prospect of going to Heaven is that they don't go.

¶ As the home of the football championship and of Mr. Grover Cleveland, Princeton is big enough to be twins

¶ It begins to look as though the national House of Representatives will soon consist of one speaker and a roll call

¶ Half the sting of poverty is gone when one keeps house for one's own comfort and not for the comment of one's neighbors.

¶ In cases of doubtful morality we usually ask ourselves if there is any harm in doing this; it might be better to ask, is there any harm in letting it alone.

¶ In the winter the South proceeds to get from Northerners what the North got from the Southerners in summer—and thus an equilibrium is maintained

The HouseKeeper's Problem

THE tendency on the part of intelligent young women to prefer employment in factories and stores to doing housework seems to increase rather than to lessen, and sensible people no longer spend so much time as they once did in asking one another why this should be so. It is admitted that domestic service under the conditions that now commonly exist involves a sacrifice of personal independence that is out of harmony with the spirit of the age. The problem is, not how young women can be persuaded to take up housework as a calling, but how the conditions can be changed so that they will need no such persuasion.

One of the most hopeful things about the whole situation is that American women are thinking, as they never thought before, of their responsibilities as employers. They are beginning to see that the administration even of the smallest household is essentially a business proposition. They realize that it is just as absurd to put an inexperienced, untrained, ignorant person in charge of the domestic machinery and to expect economy and efficiency as it would be to permit similar conditions in any other business. More important still, they also see that, if the work of their own homes is to be conducted with due regard to an adequate return for a given expenditure, there must be expert and continuous supervision, and that to get expert supervision they must either employ fully trained housekeepers or they must become experts themselves

The result of this will undoubtedly be to make housekeeping a profession like that of trained nursing, and when that ideal shall be attained the work of the household will be systematized, the duties and hours of labor of each employee will be clearly defined, and, instead of being a question of "favor" on either side, it will simply be a question, as in any other business, of so much work of a stipulated degree of efficiency in return for so much money. There will not, perhaps, be so much sentiment in the relations of mistress and maid under such conditions, but there will be two results well worth striving for—an assurance of comparatively uninterrupted comfort for the household, and a standard of skill that will rapidly relegate the shiftless, ignorant and untrustworthy to the tender mercies of employers who continue to believe that successful housekeeping is essentially a matter of luck rather than of competent management

Millionaires, Please Note

THE operation on the Emperor William once more sharply calls attention to the most mysterious of the few remaining mysterious diseases—the most mysterious and the most dreadful. It is not generally known that cancer ranks seventh among the causes of death in the United States, having 17,296 victims in 1900 as against 9410 in 1890—a truly enormous increase. In 1890 it ranked twelfth among causes of death—only ten years before! While shallow people find something more appalling in the attack of such a disease upon European sovereigns than upon untitled Americans, the fact is that each and every one of those 17,296 deaths represents a catastrophe beyond comparison

There are many scientists at work trying to isolate the cancer germ. There should be more, and they should have all the facilities that money can assemble.

The Prudent Jack-Rabbit

WHEN an intelligent and experienced citizen who has lived eighty-two years comes out flat-footed against anything it ought to give all men pause. When that citizen happens to be a Senator in Congress, representing such a Commonwealth as Alabama, and when he bears the honored name of Pettus, it ought to settle the particular matter without discussion This is the status of the case against "gravy," which holds a place in the American heart very near to that occupied by pie and to that occupied by buckwheat cakes with molasses. Senator Pettus says that "gravy" is hurrying us to ruin, and that worse even than its common and humble form is its fashionable disguise as a "sauce."

Coffee gone and tea going; milk under suspicion and water in dispute; bread proclaimed the staff of death, cakes banished, pastry proclaimed, most meats forbidden and most vegetables posted as more or less poisonous—clearly, we shall soon be living, like the jack-rabbit, on an occasional bit of dry grass, boxed and sold as "health food." Well, the jack-rabbit manages to keep alive and to keep moving. And what more can any one ask?

The Reason Why

THE New York "reformers" are still discussing in a dazed way their recent terrific knockout, and are attributing it to the preponderance of ignorance and depravity in their beloved city. But there are other explanations besides the easy, self-excusing ones that reformers are so apt to give

For instance: three-fourths of the Tammany candidate's majority in old New York were got in the densely crowded districts where the foreign born number from nearly half to two-thirds of the population. Tammany, which is in business day and night, all seasons and all years, has an organization that looks after every side of every block or square in New York. And its agents are always going among the masses of the people, helping this one to a job, lending that one a few dollars to tide over a spell of hard luck, making the newcomer and the foreigner feel that he has a friend. And above all, Tammany is always careful not to interfere with the peculiar customs and tastes of the foreign bred

That is, just as the merchant who looks into and appeals to the tastes and desires of the most people gets the most trade, so the political organization that is nearest to the people gets the most votes. The people will forgive corruption, any amount of it, before they will forgive neglect and aloofness and patronizing superciliousness. In that respect they are not unlike human beings everywhere. Isn't it possible to combine honesty with common-sense in politics? Isn't it possible for a man to work among the people from patriotic motives just as hard as he would if he were aiming at dollars, and mighty dirty dollars at that?

Class Distinctions in America

ONE of the ablest school teachers of New York said recently "I do all in my power to help put off the inevitable day when class distinctions will be as marked here as they are in Europe."

There are a good many signs that seem to point to class distinctions. But when we examine more carefully the true nature and meaning of "class," the aspect of the matter changes. For some to be rich and others poor, some educated and others ignorant, some brain workers and others manual laborers, some leisurely and others overworked (if there is such a thing as real overwork)—that means different *kinds* of people, not different classes. And for people to associate with those whose mental mode and mode of living are like their own, that is not class distinction but merely a natural following of the law whereunder like seeks like. Class means a condition to which one is born and from which one may not escape. When we first set up as a republic we inherited classes from Europe, but we soon got rid of them. And to-day what preferment can a man guarantee to his children that is not open to any other man's children if they choose to work for it and have been well endowed by nature? Each succeeding American generation quickly and often somewhat boisterously demolishes such small class distinctions as the preceding generation has set up.

The Parent's Debt

A RICH man said: "I have always given my children everything they wanted. I wish them to feel that they couldn't possibly be any better off if I were out of the way I don't wish them to hate me or to wish I were gone." And there are a great many parents who are not rich yet who act upon this principle to the limit of their abilities, sacrificing everything to the children.

Of course, no father or mother wishes the children to hate them. And it is equally true that parents do owe a great deal more to their children than the children owe to them But when an overindulged child reaps the inevitable consequences of overindulgence, isn't it apt to look back to the cause of its downfall, to the foolish parent who taught it to be selfish and greedy, with a bitter feeling worse than hate? To indulge a child is not to be self-sacrificing toward it but to be grossly selfish. There is only one way in which a parent can pay back its debt to its child, and that is to bring it up in simplicity and honesty, teaching it self-control

The Survival of the Unfit

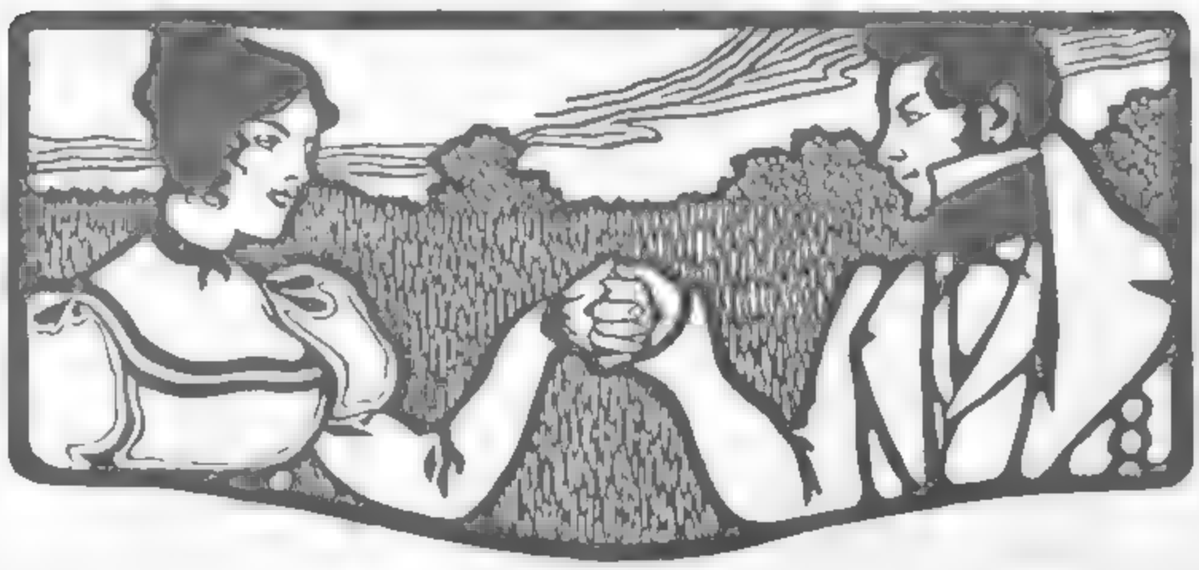
IT IS said that beavers rarely build their wonderful houses and dams nowadays; and those who are fond of discovering signs of superhuman intelligence in the lower animals say that the beavers are learning that their works draw the attention and the ravaging fire of the hunters, and so are shrewdly desisting. But there is another explanation which does not snatch so boldly at man's place as the first intellect of creation. Isn't it possible to suppose that among beavers there were differences in the intensity of the building instinct and the building energy, and that the hunters have been killing off the more industrious and instinctively ingenious beavers, have been thus bringing forward the kind of beaver who said all along: "Any hole is good enough for me Why work when I have my health?"

The law of the survival of the fittest works very, very often, among men as well as among beavers, to cause the less attractive types to survive. There have been societies that have developed conditions in which it was difficult, if not impossible, for a sane, honest, just man to survive

The Facts of the Case

THERE is a dispute about the reason, but there can be no dispute about the fact, that stimulants—liquors, tea, coffee and tobacco—produce a more powerful effect upon Americans than upon any other people on earth. The probabilities are that the conditions of universally quickened intelligence in America as distinguished from the widespread soddenness among other peoples are responsible. And it is doubtless part of the innate perverse devilishness of things that makes the individual who ought to leave stimulants alone crave them more than his more phlegmatic neighbor. If we are too self-indulgent to take the lesson home to ourselves, at least we can bring the children up in the way they should go.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR



WHEN General Grant was in London on his trip around the world he was invited to Windsor Castle by Queen Victoria. The Queen received the party in one of the private audience chambers and chatted with General Grant for a few moments before dinner was served

Jesse Grant, then a small boy, was with the General and stood just behind him. As the General was talking Jesse pulled impatiently at his coat tails a number of times Finally, the General turned half-way and Jesse whispered "Pa, can't I be introduced?"

"Your Majesty," said the General, "I should like to present my son, Master Jesse."

The Queen shook Jesse's hand cordially, and that young man, thinking it incumbent on him to say something, glanced approvingly around the room and said: "Fine house you have here, ma'am."

A Little Pome on Hart Decese

A FORMER Assistant Secretary of the Interior, who lives in Washington, is of the same name as a poet who writes and lives in Pennsylvania.

The ex-official has a letter he received a time ago which he considers the most remarkable epistle he ever read. The writer confounded him with the poet and wrote

"Dear friend and statsmen: I rite you the earliest dait to be so cind as to do me a grat favor. I haf trid all cinds of paten medisin for hart decease an no avail. I read yore littel pome on Hart decese beginin

"The hart which sad tumultus beets,
With throbs of keenest pain
Wil oft recover its defeets
Thro' naturs sweat refrane

"I haf never trid an injun doc but haf took all cinds of erbs. I now ast you to send me by retrn male 2 bottels of your medsin naturs sweat refrane. Sen to Alex K——, C— postoffus, Penn.

"P. S I will sen prise by return male."

No Friend of His

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, the newly-elected minority leader in the House of Representatives, is a story-teller as well as a parliamentarian.

He tells of the militant republicanism of a man he met in Rome a few years ago. The man was a merchant in a small town in northern New York. He was staying at the same hotel with Williams and they became good friends

One morning they went out for a ride in a victoria and passed King Humbert, who was also out for a ride

The people on the streets lifted their hats to the King and he bowed in return. As his carriage passed the one in which Williams and his friend were riding Mr. Williams lifted his hat and the King bowed and smiled. The merchant sat bolt upright, looking straight ahead, and did not raise his hat

"Don't you know who that is?" asked Williams

"Yes," replied his friend. "It's King Humbert. I recognized him the minute I saw him."

"Then why didn't you bow to him as I did?"

The merchant stiffened in his seat and squared his shoulders.

"I don't bow to no kings," he said

Æsop Revised

WILBUR F. WAKEMAN, who was Appraiser of the Port of New York, received a letter from Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, one day in which Mr. Gage said he had the honor to request Mr Wakeman's immediate resignation

That was about all there was to it, and Wakeman, who is naturally of a combative disposition, started out to see what he could do about it. He knew the resignation was demanded for political reasons, and he thought he might make a fight.

He went to see Senator Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut He told his story to the Senator. After he had finished Senator Platt said: "Wakeman, did you ever see the Empire State Express at full speed?"

"Yes," Wakeman replied, "but why?"

"Well, imagine that train running at sixty miles and imagine a fly on the track

All right," said Wakeman

"The application is here: The Administration that demands your resignation is the Empire State Express and you are the fly. Do you see?"

Wakeman saw

A Green Hand

PRESIDENT JAMES J. HILL, of the Great Northern, tells an interesting story illustrative of the way in which American workingmen cherish the standards of their handicraft. He believes that this zeal in upholding ideals of what constitutes good work permeates all classes.

With one of the section gangs of the Great Northern a raw recruit was set to work cutting weeds and otherwise cleaning up the right of way on either side of the tracks. The new man worked hard, but, of course, was subjected to critical attention on the part of the rest of the gang

The division superintendent happening that way on his bicycle talked to the foreman.

"Pat, how's the new man?" was asked

"Oh, he's all roight on straight worruk," was the reply, "but when it comes to trimmin' up 'round a tilegraph pole he ain't in it, at all, at all."

Another Fond Hope

LOCAL delegations who journey to Washington to see favorite sons sworn in as Senators or Representatives cannot understand why they are not permitted to make demonstrations at the triumphant moment when the oath is administered

When Senator Foraker, of Ohio, was first elected Senator he was the honorary president of a marching club in Cincinnati that boasted the finest brass band in the State. As soon as it was known the Senator was going to Washington the marching club held a meeting and passed these resolutions:

"Whereas, our honorary captain, the Hon. Joseph Benson Foraker, has been elected to the United States Senate; and,

"Whereas, this club feels that in his triumph the club also triumphs; and,

"Whereas, it is suitable that we should recognize this event in a fitting manner: therefore be it

"Resolved, that this club, with full brass band, shall go to Washington on the fourth of March next, and at the moment when the Hon. Joseph Benson Foraker takes the oath of office it shall march down the centre aisle of the Senate chamber with its band playing 'Hail to the Chief'

And until this day that marching club does not understand why it couldn't.

The Waters of Lethe

THERE was a conference at the White House. Leading Republican Senators and Representatives were there. When they came out, about midnight, a dozen reporters surrounded them to get the news. No one would talk, but the reporters persisted

At length Speaker Cannon backed into a corner and said: "Boys, I'd like to tell you, but I have drunk so much apollinaris in there that I can't remember. It is a curious thing," he continued reflectively, "that those mineral waters you get in the White House make me forget to remember exactly what you boys want me to remember not to forget."

He Called the Card

SENATOR FRED T. DUBOIS, of Idaho, went to the Interior Department a few days ago to see about the contemplated removal of a clerk in the Idaho Land Office. He intended to keep the man in office if he could, but found that the case was closed and the man slated for dismissal.

Then he told this story to Secretary Hitchcock: "When I first went to Idaho I lived at a little hotel in Blackfoot that was a pretty fair hotel as things went in those days. The waiter in the dining room was a gambler and about the worst gambler I ever knew. He was always unlucky, but as soon as he got a little money he always quit his job and went and played faro. After he had lost all his savings he came back humbly to the hotel and went to work

"One night a party of men from the East came into the hotel and asked for dinner. They were shown to the dining-room

"'What have you?' they asked the gambler waiter.

"He named a number of articles of diet. 'I think we'll take some roast beef,' was finally decided by the spokesman.

"The waiter went to the kitchen, but returned in a few minutes and said: 'Friends, you have got your money on a dead card. Guess again.'

'That seems to be my fix," said the Senator to the Secretary

"It does," the Secretary replied to the Senator.

A Noisy Eater

EX-SENATOR WILLIAM E. CHANDLER, of New Hampshire, who is now president of the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission, has a friend in New Hampshire who writes him long letters. This friend has ideas on how the Government should be conducted and he tells Mr. Chandler about them at great length. He is a great admirer of the peppery little man from Concord.

After Chandler was defeated for the Senate by Burnham and before he had been appointed to his present position the friend wrote condoling with the Senator

He said it was a shame that the nation and New Hampshire should be deprived of the services of so able a man as Mr Chandler and closed with this prophecy: "Nevertheless, I do not think republics are ungrateful. 'I am confident that your great merits will again be recognized and that at no late date we shall hear of you feeding again at the public crib."

A Conspiracy

WHEN William J. Bryan was defeated for the Presidency in 1900 his supporters in all parts of the country sent him bushels of telegrams of consolation. Some of them were cheerful and some were sorrowful.

Probably the most plaintive note was struck by a county chairman in Ohio who wired:

"My county has gone for McKinley by three hundred. The people are in the minority. God help us."

Stirring Up the Animals

EX-SENATOR CHANDLER loved to stir up the Senate when he was in that body. If he thought things were getting prosy he would slip in and with a question or two or a statement of some kind bait somebody into making an exhibition. He was particularly successful with Senator Tillman.

"Chandler reminds me," said former Senator Carter, of Montana, "of a man who goes down on the main street of a town, stirs up the greatest kind of a muss, and then slips up on the veranda of the hotel and sits and watches the ruction."

The Uses of Adversity

SENATOR JOSEPH W BAILEY, of Texas, was in New York for some time last summer on legal business. While he was there he became acquainted with many of the men of big affairs

"I am convinced," the Senator said on his return to Washington, "that it is more fun to be a poor man than a rich one.

"Now, there may come times when I want $500 and it worries me to get it, but I can tell you that it doesn't worry me half so much as it worries a multi-millionaire to get a million or two when he needs ready money.

"He takes his story to a banker. The banker says, 'List me your securities.' Then the banker picks out the choice ones, makes a call loan and, as soon as he sees the millionaire is hard pressed again, calls the loan and grabs the securities

"You can't tell me that the poor man is not the happier of the two?"

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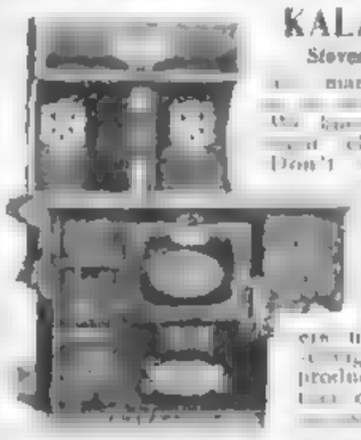

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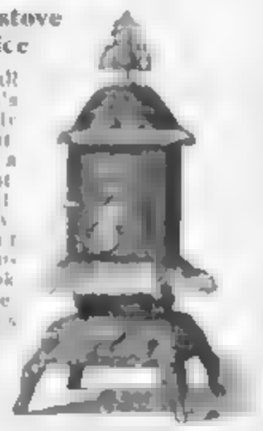

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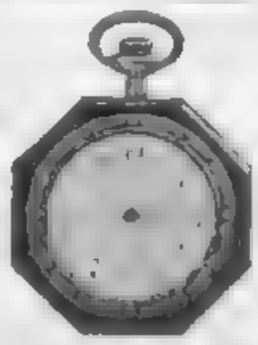

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The Business Side of the Big Unions

By I. K. Friedman

HE IS NO WORKER OF MIRACLES

THE standard of living for the American workingman grows higher and higher with each decade, and his resistance to any attempt to lower it is fierce, prolonged and obstinate. He works best because he is fed best, and he is fed best because he works best. The foolish and the superficial are wont to say that the American mechanic wastes what his French brother could thrive on, but they who make the bald assertion stop not to consider what is and what is not an economic waste. The luxuries of yesterday are the absolute necessaries of to-day, and the luxuries of to-day become in turn the necessaries of to-morrow. Comfortable homes, bathtubs, sanitary plumbing, good clothes, newspapers, magazines, books, outings in the country—all that makes for a higher degree of efficiency, bodily health and intelligence can in nowise be termed a waste. A strike or a lockout, on the other hand, inflicts a tremendous loss of real wealth on the community and is a true economic waste. And yet, what solution for this gravest of problems does our present scheme of society offer? Arbitration is at best but a mitigation of the evil, and, even when successful, is a mere stoppage and never an absolute preventive of loss and waste. Compulsory arbitration, despite all phrase-stringing and word-juggling, is a contradiction in terms and in fact. Those who advocate the incorporation of the unions as a way around and out of the difficulty, who would make them directly responsible to the law for any infringement of public rights, leave just one little thing out of their reckoning—the unions won't incorporate and they can't be forced to incorporate.

The Taff Vale decision handed down in the English courts about a year ago declared an English railroad union responsible for the sum of $114,000 to their employer for the damages inflicted by striking and picketing. The law of the case established a precedent that threatens the very life-blood of English unionism and promises fair to choke its breath. To-day the Welsh miners are in imminent danger of losing a suit for $350,000 brought against them by their "bosses" for enforcing the "stop-day" system to prevent the accumulation of coal. If the suit is won—and it has already passed the Court of Appeals and gone to the House of Lords—the organization will be bankrupt. The Yorkshire mine owners have filed suits against the toilers of Cadeby and Deneby to the tune of about a million dollars, when the costs are included. Who supposes that, with such a warning in view, American labor will put its foot voluntarily in the same trap and forego a natural advantage for a disadvantage unnaturally great?

To return to the causes for the marvelous growth of unionism in America: the spirit of the age, the sweeping trend toward organization in everything, accounts for much of it, but our unparalleled expansion in commerce accounts for still more of it. The reasons are obvious and lie on the surface. In the first place, strikes in a falling market are rarely successful, and nothing can break the back of a union or lose the confidence of its adherents so easily and readily as the defeat of a strike. Secondly, labor becomes progressively scarce with the increasing demands of industry, and so the higher union scale is easier to maintain. Thirdly, funds for carrying on the business purposes of the union are secured with little difficulty. Lastly, the employer accedes more readily to union demands, and, as a consequence, the non-union man is apt to find himself out of a job and the more members a union has the more it gets.

It goes without saying that the organizer knows these things; he studies conditions and is ever on the outlook for the psychological moment. He is no worker of miracles and he cannot build up a union unless there is a necessity for it, unless there exists a strong union feeling among those whom he wishes to enroll, and unless the union offers sufficient inducements for the non-union man to slough his non-unionism.

The building-up of the coal-teamsters' union in Chicago may serve, perhaps, as a typical example of the manner in which unskilled labor is organized. A coal teamster by the name of Albert Young was the man in whose brain the idea was first conceived. When he thought the opportune moment for the realization of his scheme had come he asked the Federation Labor headquarters for the use of a room on a Sunday afternoon. Only twelve drivers answered the first call for a meeting; but each of the twelve became an energetic apostle, and on the Sunday thereafter two hundred men were ready for enrollment. One fine cold winter morning, when the orders were heavy and the dealers were rushed, the drivers presented a scale demanding higher wages and shorter hours. The employers recognized the justice of the claim and they conceded with scarcely a murmur. In South Water Street the drivers were hauling loads of provisions in and out at three o'clock in the morning; drivers for the department stores and the mercantile houses and the stock yards were putting in big drafts of overtime with no extra inducement but the extra work, and when they were upbraided for their folly and told how easy it was to be wise, they jumped at the opportunity. In less than three years the teamsters' union numbered thirty-two thousand.

Force and trickery were resorted to. A non-union driver was apt to find his way blocked in pulling uphill; members of the freight-handlers' union and the shipping clerks were peculiarly slow in attending to his wants; now and then a hind wheel rolled off his wagon mysteriously and dumped its contents on the road, and it went hard with the non-union men who rushed to assist.

MORAL PERSUASION

Editor's Note. This is the second of two papers on this subject by Mr. Friedman.

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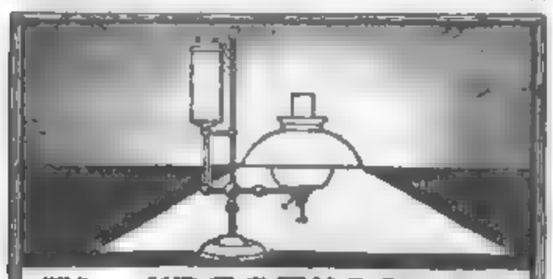

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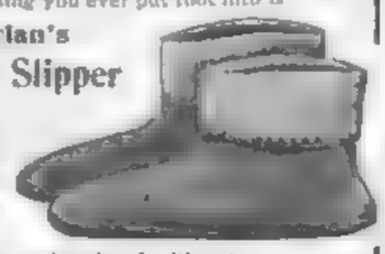

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"TAKE ANOTHER"

"See here," said an irate teamster to an organizer, looking down at his ruined wagon, "I thought you fellows were only going to use moral persuasion!"

"What could be more moral than taking a wheel off a wagon? It's honest, it shows industry and it makes work for your fellowman," returned the other.

Such are the methods of the unions.

It is next to impossible to get any labor leader to admit that he will countenance or abet the use of violence, especially in its more abhorrent aspects of bruising, slugging and maiming, but all save the little children know that brute force is one of the most unanswerable arguments that is brought to bear on the head of the non-union man.

The unions are candid and frank in their disavowal of socialism, they cry against all those who present roseate dreams of the future and pretty pictures of an Utopia, but yet the principle of the "closed shop" makes one pull for breath at its obvious radicalism, for by how much is the insistence of the unions on their right to tell an employer just how he should conduct his business separated from the socialistic ideal of taking hold of the business and running it cooperatively?

Neither side shows any more consideration for the general public than public opinion enforces, and the attitude of both is summed up in Commodore Vanderbilt's epigram, "The public be d——d"—only a stronger oath is needed nowadays to phrase the growing callousness. A large Chicago manufacturer, whose business was being hampered by the unions, consulted a shrewd attorney, and as the result of his lawyer's advice he filled his shop with a crowd of thugs and toughs, and when the union pickets waylaid the new hands there was a surprise party—for the pickets. "I belong to the prize-fighters' union," shouted one of the plug-uglies, slowly reducing the picket to pulp, "and I'll learn youse fellers fer trying to do us out of a job. What right have you got to do any hitting without a union button? Don't you ever try to do no more punching without permission from headquarters. Take another across the jaw for scabbing it!"

Yet, curiously enough, we find both sides—the trust of labor and the trust of capital—joining hands and working together whenever and wherever it is to their mutual interest, the powers of the one being exerted to increase the powers of the other. Those very tyrannical rules laid down by the Chicago Building Trades Council could never have been operated with the slightest degree of success unless certain contractors had found out that they could crush competition and increase their profits by taking the unions into a side partnership. Only a short time ago the cornice-makers at work on one of our new buildings refused to handle material that had cost $6000. Why? It had been imported from another city, and the local contractors had made an "alley bargain" with the local labor leaders to keep wages up and outside competition down and out. The upshot of the whole matter was that the man who had the contract went into the hands of a receiver and the man who wanted the contract probably bought the discarded cornice for old junk and secured a handsome profit.

The Chicago coal dealers and the teamsters' union worked together on just such lines and for working the same line too strenuously Sam Parks recently went to Sing Sing.

UP!
The erection of a modern "sky scraper" seems like a miracle. But before a stone is laid or a bolt tightened, every inch of the structure must have been planned in the trained brain of the architect. Then, from the moment the army of men start to work, the cry is "Up! Up!" Time is money. Each day of construction means thousands of dollars of expense. Each day of occupancy of the finished building will yield thousands of dollars of rent.
"Every man is the architect of his own fortune." Your motto should be "Up!" "Excelsior!" "Higher!" Train your brains, plan your career and make each day yield one stone toward the full structure of success. Lose not a moment in hesitation. Let us help you plan your future and rapidly rise.
Send for our book
"1001 Stories of Success."
It tells how others have been advanced to high positions in nearly every trade and profession. If you would like to have the book FREE—if you would like to learn how you can improve your own salary and position at small expense, without leaving home or losing time, cut out, fill in, and mail
This Coupon
International Correspondence Schools, Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.
Mechanical Engineer
Civil Engineer
Textile Designer
Commercial Law
Bookkeeper
Show Card Writer
Window Dresser
with Phonograph

ALWAYS READY FOR USE

No Honing! No Grinding!

Full Hollow Ground. $2.50 each

Two Razors in leather case. $5.50

ELECTRICALLY TEMPERED

Send for free book, "HINTS TO SHAVERS."

THE CARBO MAGNETIC RAZOR

NO SMARTING AFTER SHAVING

KEEP AN EDGE FOR YEARS WITHOUT HONING

"Carbo-Magnetic" Elastic Cushion Strop, $1.00 each

By all dealers in High-Grade Cutlery or sent by manufacturers postpaid

Firm of A. L. SILBERSTEIN, Makers of Keen Kutter Cutlery, 443-444 Broadway, New York

Good Work

and lots of it, today and every day, when you use the

Remington

Remington Typewriter Company, 327 Broadway, New York.

The Way To Wealth

¶ This Company is empowered by law to receive trust moneys. Executors depositing such moneys with the Company are absolved by law from responsibility as to loss. Being entirely removed from every speculative venture, it is better fitted to act as executor and to administer trusts than is the private individual. The fees in either case are the same.

THE Equitable Trust Company of New York will attend to every detail of your banking business.

Write for booklet A, "The Way to Wealth."

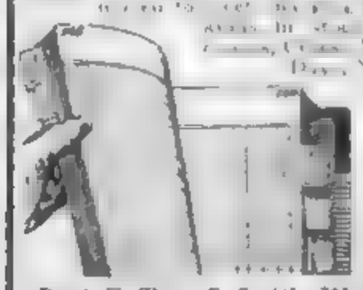
THE EQUITABLE TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK

15 Nassau St., Equitable Bldg. New York City

CAPITAL $3,000,000 SURPLUS $3,500,000

Smith's Adjustable Index Tags

SAVE 20% OF A BOOKKEEPER'S TIME



Used by [illegible]

Catalog Free
Sample 5 Cents

Dept. F, Chas. C. Smith, Mfr., Exeter, Neb.

FREE

Modern Agriculture

PROF WM P BROOKS, Ph D

HORTICULTURE

PROF BAILEY, Cornell University

AGRICULTURAL BACTERIOLOGY

PROF CONN, Yale

COMMERCIAL, NORMAL and ACADEMIC DEPARTMENTS

FREE

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 17, Springfield, Mass.

How Long

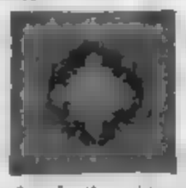
are you sure of your income? Save some of it, and at the same time protect your family against your failure or death.

Free booklet "The How and the Why." We insure by mail.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
921 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.00

Sizes and Prices	
3 by 5 ft.	$3.00
3 by [illegible] ft.	3.50
6 by 6 ft.	4.00
9 by [illegible] ft.	4.50
9 by 12 ft.	5.00



Mountains.

You money back if you want it. Catalogue free for the asking
Oriental Importing Co., 461D Bourse Building, Philadelphia

LE PAGE'S MUCILAGE

No gumming to clog neck of bottle—No [illegible] will not spoil nor discolor the finest papers. Full 8-ounce bottle, 8c.; also half-pints, pints and quarts.

Russia Cement Co., Gloucester, Mass. Mfrs. of
LE PAGE'S PHOTO PASTE and
LE PAGE'S GLUE Strongest in the World

In the end the general and generous public foots the bill of this two handed, underhanded conspiracy—labor rifling one of its pockets and capital emptying the other; but as there is always a falling out among thieves it may be doubted if this species of piracy, of the meanest and lowest kind of treachery to the class interests of both sides, can long endure. Labor is bound to get the worst of it in such an unholy alliance, and the great problem that vexes our day of how to secure for all members of the community their equable and balanced share of the social product—a problem for which the present régime of things offers no solution—is made still more intricate by labor's treason and capital's perfidy.

The history of any trust, whether of labor or capital, makes it clear that unlimited power leans toward and finally falls on the wrong side of corruption. However, no one can charge that any of the unions was formed with a distinctly dishonest purpose in view, with any motive of wholesale robbery, while the public has learned from recent developments that, when sham and deceit have been squeezed out of the stock of some of our huge corporations, nothing but the phrase "[illegible]" is left over for the duped investor.

When one weighs the temptations to which the small-salaried leaders of labor are open, when one reflects on the complexity of the vast movement, of the heterogeneous mass with which it deals, one must wonder less at the crimes and blunders of unionism than at the honest and usually worthy manner in which it has been run. If we are suffering from an epidemic of lawlessness, if crime is rampant in the United States, we need not probe very deep to find the reasons for it or to conclude that the burden of the charge should be laid at the doorstep of corrupting vested interests and not saddled on those whom it corrupts as means to its nefarious ends.

CHRONICLES OF THE LITTLE TOT

By Edmund Vance Cooke

The Grand Lama, Jr.

And would you learn the potent cause
  Which yields me this profound content,
The hidden working of whose laws
  Is boundlessly beneficent?
Know, then, it contemplates no plan
Of faith in God, or trust in man
It lies beyond all mere opinion
Of Arian dogma, or Arminian,
Of Calvin's creed, or creed Socinian,
Of Kantian logic, or Darwinian
And yet serene and calm and high
It raises me. The world goes by
  And joy may pass, or woe may come,
Yet with a mild and placid eye
  I sit—and suck my thumb

Yet was this calm, Nirvanic height
  Not compassed at a single bound
When first these eyes beheld the light
  And on this planet gazed around.
I viewed full many a wrong and ill
Which would not let my soul be still
The grievous question rose eternally
How oft one ought to dine diurnally,
Which pabulum would soothe internally,
Or which cause colic most infernally.
And then The Solace came to dry
My tears, to still my bitter cry.
  To bid my agony be dumb.
And all was well with me, for I
  Had learned—to suck my thumb

The world around I plainly see
  Is trouble-tossed and passion-rent.
I would that it might learn from me
  The law to soothe its sad lament.
Yea, even I see my honored sire
Beset by worry, grief or ire,
Nor can he find an absolution
In Stoic teaching, or Confucian,
In Plato's thought, or wit of Lucian,
Spencerian lore, or Rosicrucian.
Yet here I sit beneath his eye
And silently exemplify
  A rule of life to overcome
His every woe. I wonder *why*
  He *will not*—suck his thumb!

"KATY" in San Antonio

[illegible] the thing at San Antonio. K T [illegible] coverage this in San Antonio, a [illegible] that [illegible] be [illegible] popularity interesting.

KATY'S through Pullman Sleepers from St. Louis, Kansas City and Shreveport make the trip [illegible]

MKT

"The Story of San Antonio," a beautifully illustrated booklet about the city, its history and its varied attractions, will be sent anywhere on receipt of 6 cents in stamps.

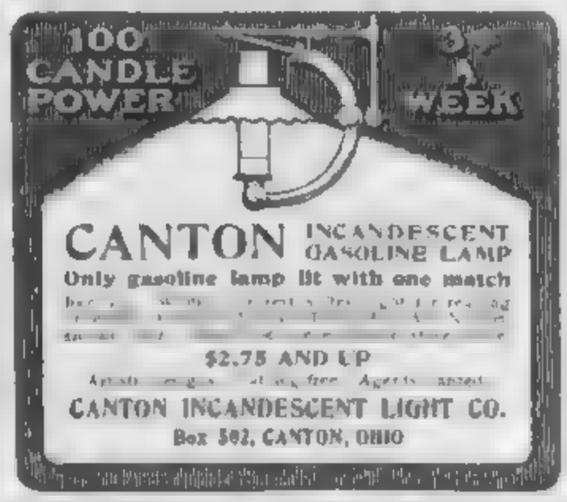
Geo Morton G P & T A., 931 Wainwright Bldg., St Louis
Geo. L. Theyer, D. P. A., 1111 Mutual Reserve Bldg., New York
Geo W Smith N P A
331 Marquette Bldg., Chicago

Spencerian Steel Pens

They cost a little more than the common makes, but you get a pen that will last longer and give satisfaction—the cheapest in the end.

[illegible] different patterns, sent for [illegible] receipt of 6 cents in stamps

SPENCERIAN PEN CO. 349 Broadway, New York



CANTON INCANDESCENT GASOLINE LAMP

Only gasoline lamp lit with one match

[illegible]

$2.75 AND UP

Agents wanted [illegible] Agents wanted

CANTON INCANDESCENT LIGHT CO.
Box 502, CANTON, OHIO

YOU'RE LOOKING

for just such a machine as

Ideal Incubator

the perfect hatcher, sent 30 days' trial. Absolutely automatic. Test it yourself. Big poultry and poultry supply book free.

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 94, Freeport, Ill.

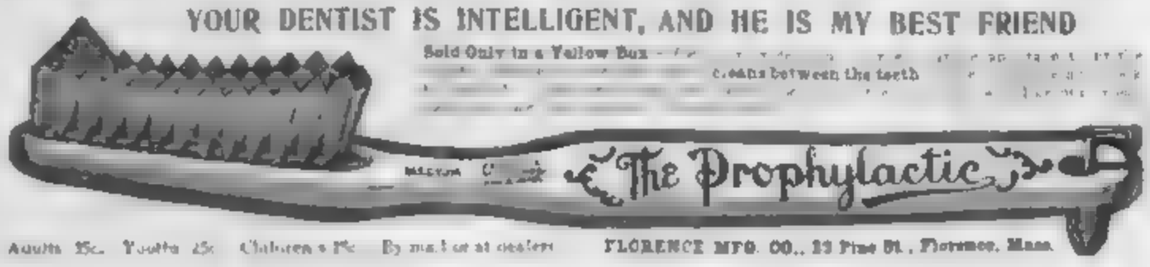
SQUABS [illegible] $4.00 a doz [illegible]

[illegible]

Make money with squabs and learn this rich industry. Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 3 A Friend Street, Boston, Mass.

YOUR DENTIST IS INTELLIGENT, AND HE IS MY BEST FRIEND

Sold Only in a Yellow Box [illegible] cleans between the teeth [illegible]



Adults 15c. Youths 25c. Children's 10c. By mail or at dealers. FLORENCE MFG. CO., 23 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

A Million Dollar Idea

THE tremendous proportions assumed by advertising during the past decade have necessarily attracted much attention to this new and fascinating profession. Yet, in spite of all that has been said and written, it is remarkable how few people have a clear idea of what advertising really is, and the bearing it has on every-day business problems.

The other day the owner of a syndicate of great newspapers said to me, "Advertising is the most powerful existing business force. It is to commerce what electricity is to mechanics, and is at the same relative stage of development.

"Much as it has already accomplished, innumerable as its functions are, the future possibilities are vast almost beyond human comprehension."

And he is right.

Several years ago, when it was first suggested that I should teach by correspondence the things I had learned by experience, I declined to consider the matter, for it seemed to me that there were already enough men engaged in that particular work.

But finally I yielded to pressure.

I prepared a course that is PRACTICAL, not only because it is based on my wide experience but also because it is backed up by an actual advertising business.

I honestly believe the Bates Advertising Company to be the best equipped in the world, and every student of mine is from first to last closely in touch with real—not theoretical—advertising problems as they come up day by day.

I want to tell you briefly of another unique feature of my course.

I call it "the development of the *idea*," and it is a very vital part of the business. Let me illustrate what I mean.

I am a specialist in advertising.

For seventeen years I have been building business for some of the largest advertisers in the world.

Time after time I have seen men, with no capital but common-sense, energy and an *idea*, make sensational successes under the most adverse conditions.

I remember one man whose success was particularly remarkable because it came to him in a little town of 400 inhabitants, situated nine miles from a railroad.

Seven years ago his entire capital consisted of $50 and an *idea*. Today his business approximates $75,000 annually, although his plant still remains in the same little village. Only yesterday I saw in a leading New York newspaper an ad of his which cost him at least $1000. His product is sold entirely by advertising, and to a judicious use of printers' ink he owes everything he has.

I train men and women to develop their natural talent, and bring out dormant *ideas*. Some of the best advertising *ideas* ever used came from stenographers, clerks and bookkeepers, who in the regular course of events would have plodded along at routine work at small salaries.

I shall not attempt to tell here more about my methods, for I want you to write to me. No matter what your age or occupation may be, you should get my prospectus. You may have unsuspected talent which needs only to be turned into proper channels to become a source of great profit.

If, like many others who want to take my course, you hesitate because you don't care to pay $40 until you become convinced that you can do the work, then you may do this:

Send me $2 and I will send you the first four lessons. The manner in which you handle them will show whether you can be fitted to hold an advertising position paying from $25 to $100 weekly.

If you decide to continue, and I believe you will, the $2 will be credited to your account.

I *wouldn't* make this offer unless I honestly meant to help you.

I *couldn't* make it unless I really did do for my students the things I promise.

The interesting story of how Mr. Louis Fink, Jr., of Philadelphia, increased a business of $13,000 to $33,000 per annum can be found in my handsome 66-page brochure, which also tells "Who Should Study Advertising," "Why and How Advertising Can Be Taught," "Why Advertising Should be Studied."

Send 2c. stamp for it and secure at the same time booklets, "The Ill-Fortunes of Brother Bill," "How Shall a Young Man Succeed," "Other People's Brains."

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES

183 William Street NEW YORK

CONFESSIONS OF A LETTER WRITER

By Charles Battell Loomis

MY FATHER had a good many ideas, and one of them was that the ability to write an elegant letter was an open sesame to the best that the world affords; and I agreed with father—then.

My father died when I was eighteen and I found that I must leave school and enter business at once, not waiting to go through Harvard with a flourish

Not caring to be beholden to any of my father's friends, I studied the want columns of a New York paper at the East Westfield reading-rooms, and the very first day I saw something that seemed promising. I wanted to learn whatever business I entered from the ground up and I expected to begin as office boy, and so "Boy wanted to run errands and make himself generally useful. Must be neat. Apply by letter to H. Grant, P. O. Box 1447" struck me as being a good opening

I was glad that Mr. Grant wanted the application to be made in writing, as I wrote a very ornate hand, full of flourishes, and considered by my schoolfellows to be almost as good as that of old man Spencer himself.

For a boy of eighteen I was uncommonly well read, and I determined to show the man in need of a clerk that his needs and my qualifications dovetailed into each other.

There is a proverb floating around the world to the effect that brevity is the soul of wit, but I did not intend to write a witty letter, so there was no need to be brief. Even at that early age I kept a copy of all the letters I wrote, and so I am able to set down my effusion in full:

MR. H GRANT:

Honored Sir: Although I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance yet your advertisement in to-day's paper filled me with a desire to serve you in whatever capacity you may see fit. You ask for a boy, and, although I am now entering upon man's estate, having just turned eighteen, I think that I can do a boy's work. I am a ready runner, and should an affair cry haste, my speed would answer it. You will find me willing and prompt. As the greatest of all poets says:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it.

You will find my deeds go with your purposes.

You mention neatness as a requisite. My mother taught me that cleanliness was next to godliness, and if I had to take my choice of soup or soap I would choose the latter.

I hope to please you when I come to you, and who knows but that we may become great friends.

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows.

Awaiting then your summons to join your caravan, as it were, and being filled with a spirit to serve you with all zeal, I am

Yours cordially,
RANSOM PORSON.

I did not get the job. But I did get a letter from Mr. Grant and I still have it

It is full of meat to me now, although at the time I thought it insulting:

Dear "Letter Writer": I wanted a plain, unadulterated office boy and not a polite letter writer. Apply for a position as correspondent in some seventeenth century house.

Yours in a hurry,
H. GRANT.

Of course, I congratulated myself on having escaped service with so common a man and looked up the want column again. This time I found an advertisement that called for a nice-appearing boy to run errands, and the address given was B. A. Smith, 71 John Street

I was not above learning from experience, and this time I determined not to be so flowery, while yet giving Mr. Smith a good idea of the sort of fellow I was.

I spent half a morning on this letter, and when it was done I felt that it was a great pity that I could not step at once into a partnership instead of serving a more or less dull apprenticeship in clerkdom:

Dear Mr. Smith: You want a boy. I want a place. You want him nice-appearing. Self flattery is odious, but I think I'll do.

Do you want him quick on his feet?
I have the feet
Do you look for industry?
I am a bee.
Do you wish for intelligent service?
Hire RANSOM PORSON

It is a singular thing that I always got answers to my remarkable letters, and Mr. Smith's was a treasure:

My dear Master Porson: Apply for a position with one of the comic weeklies—and you won't get it. Neither do I want you. You are too bright to be a mere office boy. Yours, etc.,
B. A SMITH

I was not cast down. I did not think my mania for writing letters was a curse, and I gayly sought the want column once more.

This time the advertisement that attracted me was from a firm of Mexican commission merchants on Bowling Green:

Boy wanted to copy letters, sweep office and run errands. Address Aurelio & Hernandez, 24 Bowling Green.

This found me in a facetious mood, and I wrote to the dignified Spaniards as follows:

MESS. AURELIO & HERNANDEZ:

Dear Sirs: I would rather *write* letters than copy them, but I can do the latter at a pinch.

They say a new broom sweeps clean. Hope yours is a new one

Why *run* errands? I can ride a wheel and it, like myself, is

At your service,
RANSOM PORSON.

Imagine sending such a letter to two haughty Southrons. But they replied in a very Spanish hand:

MR. RANSOM PORSON

My Very Dear Sir You are too American for the Mexican export business. You write a good hand but your tongue is too pert for matters of business. Yours respectfully
AURELIO & HERNANDEZ

I remember I laughed at this letter and thought that the Spaniards gave themselves airs, but in the light of twenty years' experience I believe that if I had stopped writing and had gone to see these people I might have secured a position. But my letter writing did get me a position, and it came in the nick of time, too, for my resources were scanty enough. The advertisement that introduced me to a mercantile life was worded thus:

Wanted a young man to act as correspondent in an office. Address M Papadopulo, 136 Washington Street

I did not know then what nationality Mr. Papadopulo represented, but I determined that this time I would please, and so I wrote:

Dear Sir: I have lost several chances at positions because when they asked for an errand boy I gave them an essay instead. You ask for a correspondent and I have half a mind to go to your office instead of writing, but as the carfare is an item I will instead give you a glimpse of my hand and style

What is the nature of the correspondence that you want? I can quote you the poets or write in measured lines myself Marry, give me the thoughts and I'll furnish the words.

Take me or leave me, you can't hurt my feelings. If this letter does not win me a position I'll write no more letters to you or for you.

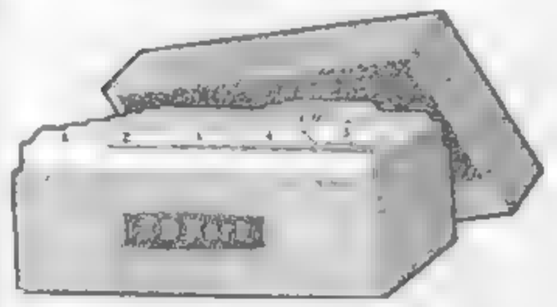
Yours without a grain of hope,
RANSOM PORSON.

The next day I received a reply in a foreign hand, ill-expressed and atrociously spelled, but full of joy to me:

Der Sur: You are god riter. I nead to hav you. Com an se me on to-moro morneng. Yors truely,
M. PAPADOPULO

I went that very day and found that Mr. Papadopulo was a Greek fruit merchant—a retail merchant. In fact his store was in the cellar and was not much bigger than a horse car. He wanted some one to keep his books, and thanks to my letter I got a position with him and *two dollars a week* at the very start, and he was such a nice little man that I stayed with him a year.

The Greatest Time Saver Any Man Can Buy



Free to You With Your Name on It

"Worth forty-seven pigeon-holes," as one user says, and any number of note books. Placed in your desk it is a receptacle for all the miscellaneous matters—all the memorandums—now scattered about the office. It is a complete desk and pocket card system. It has guide cards by months and days and a quantity of fine, heavy linen two by five inch record cards. The cards are in an ingenious vellum covered board box—ingenious because of a peculiar arrangement which keeps the TODAY cards always to the front, and the guide cards always in sight. On the front of the handsome box is your name embossed in gold letters. The other fellows in the office will soon see the great value of the Perpetual Reminder, and they might "borrow" it if it weren't for your name staring them in the face.

The way to get the Perpetual Reminder for nothing is through SYSTEM. SYSTEM is essential to business success. And SYSTEM the magazine. It tells every month all the new business tricks that save time—all the little office wrinkles that save worry. Through SYSTEM you can learn all that anyone can possibly tell you about system and business methods. Ninety-six or more pages monthly crammed full of business ideas for YOU. The regular reading of SYSTEM will solve your business perplexities—but if it does not, SYSTEM has a staff of experts—practical business men who will answer your questions gladly and cheerfully and promptly. This service will cost you not one single penny—if you are a subscriber to SYSTEM. The price of SYSTEM is two dollars a year. It is worth a great deal more than that to any alert man with his eyes on the main chance.

The president of a large lumber company says:

"It is absolutely necessary to me in the conduct of our business to have [illegible]

SPECIAL OFFER TO Saturday Evening Post Readers:

We said the Perpetual Reminder would cost you nothing. Here's the way. Send us two dollars for a [illegible] SYSTEM [illegible] we will send you [illegible] Perpetual Reminder [illegible] Write your name and address in the space [illegible] this advertisement [illegible] We place [illegible] that we will receive the remainder in [illegible] We have only a few of the Reminders on hand and we believe they will be snapped up in a hurry. ACT.

WRITE NAME AND ADDRESS HERE

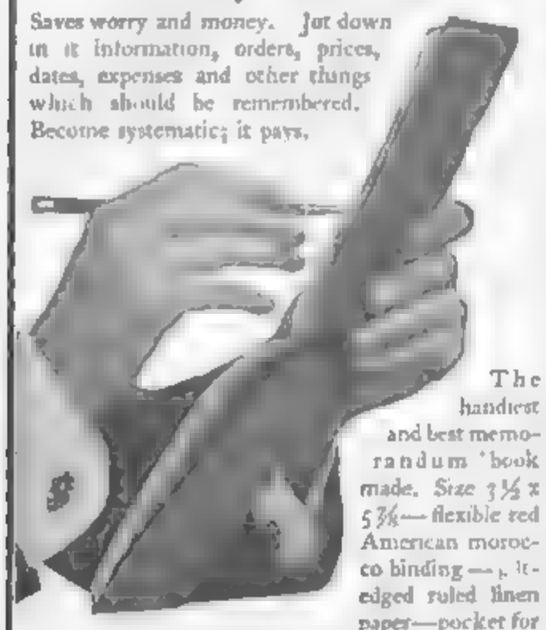
The SYSTEM Company,

1663 Marquette Building, • • Chicago.

National Red Book

For Busy Business Men

Saves worry and money. Jot down in it information, orders, prices, dates, expenses and other things which should be remembered. Become systematic; it pays.



The handiest and best memorandum book made. *Size* 3½ x 5¾—flexible red American morocco binding—gilt-edged ruled linen paper—pocket for cards—1904 calendar—**stamped with name in gold. 50 Cents, Postpaid.**

Boys and Girls

A splendid Christmas Present for your father, brothers or other male relatives or friends. With the recipient's name stamped in gold nothing could be more appropriate or acceptable.

A special value to show the quality of our goods.

This company has sold over ONE MILLION similar BOOKS, and leads all other manufacturers in the sale of blank books, loose leaf ledgers and indexes, which are for sale by stationers generally. **Ask for National Blank Books.**

NATIONAL BLANK BOOK CO. HOLYOKE, MASS.

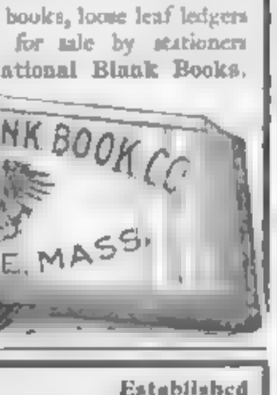
Established 1823

Chickering PIANOS

Illustrated Catalogue sent upon application

CHICKERING & SONS, 806 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

CREE-DICKSON SECTIONAL BOOKCASES



BOOKS ... outward ... downward ...

RIGIDITY. Top section forms ... sectional section forms ... vice making very ... dust proof. Designed ... tical library uses, ... and finished to suit any style of furniture

SECTIONS, $1.00 to $7.25. Sold under absolute guarantee, money refunded if not satisfactory

Illustrated Catalogue Free

CREE-DICKSON MFG CO., 716 Phoenix Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 141 BROADWAY

ENGINEERING

(TAUGHT BY MAIL)

Illustrated 200-page Bulletin giving full outlines of 60 different courses in Engineering (including College Preparatory)

SPECIAL. To every reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST sending us three 2c stamps to cover postage we will ...

American School of Correspondence

Armour Institute of Technology, ...

LITERARY FOLK

Their Ways and Their Work

JOHN BURROUGHS AS A SPORTSMAN — His brother Eden shot the fox but John got the cash.

¶ In the little village of Hobart, N. Y., not very far from the Catskill town of Roxbury, lives Eden Burroughs—a brother of John Burroughs, the poet-naturalist of the Hudson. Naturally he likes to talk about the old days on the farm when he and John were boys together. He is a great hunter, and especially delights in telling how he could surpass his brother in handling a gun, even though he was compelled to take a back seat in some other things.

"John," he said recently, "couldn't shoot with me, but he could write like a streak." Then he told the following story of how his brother finally acquired some proficiency with a gun.

"Coming back to the old farm, which he had left to seek his fortune, he expressed a desire to go hunting once again. John couldn't shoot, as I have told you. I let him know it, too. But what do you suppose he did? Why, he carted a lot of pumpkins to the top of the hill near the farmhouse and then had one of the boys roll them down while he shot at them from his position about half way down. He kept at it for a number of days. At last he got so he could put a ball into a pumpkin about every time. Then we went hunting together.

"I remember another time," he continued, "when John and myself went fox-hunting on Roxbury mountain, which lies between the villages of Stamford and Roxbury. We climbed till we came to a clearing where there were two log chutes. John waited at one, I did at the other. The dog, 'Singer,' had by this time started the fox, for we heard him barking up the mountainside. The fox came out nearest to John. He blazed away at him a couple of times but missed him."

"How did you come out?"

"I brought him down at the first shot," he replied with just a little show of pride.

"Was that all to the story?"

"Well, hardly," he replied, and then in a tone of voice as though things were not adjusted in this world as they ought to be, he added, "I had the skin and got twelve shillings ($2.50) for it; but John, he wrote a story about the hunt, and got seventy-five dollars for it."

THE COUNTRY BOY — A book with the woods, the brooks and the wide fields in it.

¶ In every man's under-consciousness lives a boy. Sometimes the boy moves the man, often the man in his blindness tells the boy to go away, and the man's life is a sad, dull affair. But most men who are good and useful and happy pet the boy and listen to his quaint, old fashioned stories, and retell them with additions, and go back to the boy's land with joy. Hunting suits and dogs and guns and golf sticks are all made to please this boy that a man keeps in his heart, and books are made by the million for the boy to read through spectacled eyes with crows' feet at their corners. The books the boy likes are books that tell of boys—young and old.

This year the book that will please the dream boy in a man's heart is called The Country Boy *(Fleming H. Revell Company)* and it is written by Forrest Crissey. It has the woods in it, and wide fields and brooks, and little brown-faced younkits peering out from among the green leaves. But above all it has youth and the soul of a boy, and the boy in a man's heart may read it and bring the smiles back to the dream boy's heart—and when this boy smiles the man outside winks his eyes as though they were wet—which is an odd thing for a man to do.

He will bat his old eyes many times reading this book and buy many copies for his friends. It is a good book.

—William Allen White

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN — Two volumes of precept, example and anecdote. Their practical value.

¶ It is not of record that Lord Chesterfield's letters of advice to his son, delightful as they have proved to generations of readers, made that young man wiser or better, or that they ever taught him the true "genteel" deportment that was so large a share of his father's ambition. Speculation on the origin of, and reflection on the conduct of life enlarge the mental outlook and stimulate seriousness of moral purpose, but, as Kipling's Tomlinson found to his cost, a man cannot win salvation, or even damnation, by "reading it in a book." The old Frenchman said it all long ago: "If youth but knew, if age but could."

Therefore to men of ripened experience such books as The Young Men Beginning Business, by Orison Swett Marden *(T. Y. Crowell & Company)*, and Dr. William Mathews' Conquering Success *(Houghton, Mifflin & Company)*, are interesting as standards of comparison and indices of character, but of practical, immediate application of their wisdom there can be, in the nature of the case, no great likelihood. Doctor Mathews abounds in literary allusions and entertaining anecdotes, which ought to be of the greatest service, and would be—"if youth but knew." Mr. Marden is more "timely."

MISS DASKAM'S POEMS — They contain numbers of the first order of contemporary merit.

¶ The best of Miss Daskam's verse is as good as the best of her short stories. Her little volume of Poems *(Charles Scribner's Sons)* contains work of the first order of contemporary merit. She has what one does not expect in women—who "must remember"—a sense of the perfection of the completed incident, a sense that rarely forgets to leave its imprint in finish and form. You find it in The Sailor:

> You sailed me for a day, my dear,
> I took you for a life,
> And that's the sailor's way, my dear,
> A love but not a wife.
> I'll never blame you, I will blame you,
> 'Tis not my eyes are wet,
> But 'tis I that must remember—
> 'Tis you that will forget.

And in Iseult Deserted:

> Should we have loved if we had known
> That love would bring one day such pain?
> I cannot tell—I only kiss
> The pillow where your head has lain.
>
> Should we have loved if we had known
> That love would go to come no more?
> I cannot tell—I only stand
> And sob before a fast-closed door.

But this is the poet, who is of neither sex and of both sexes, and of all time.

Nor could mention be missed in even the most cursory notice of Motherhood, with its piercing pathos:

> I cannot think that Thou hadst need of him!
> He is so little, Lord, he cannot sing.
> He cannot praise Thee, all his lips have learned
> Was to hold fast my kisses in the night.

—or of the Children's Songs, delightful in their simplicity. The Odes and Sonnets are not so good. Miss Daskam does not "build the lofty rhyme." Hers is a singer's voice heard best in the pure lyrics.

COLONEL CARTER'S CHRISTMAS — May he live to enjoy many a one with succeeding generations of readers.

¶ Not the most dyspeptic, overdriven reviewer could write of Colonel Carter's Christmas *(Charles Scribner's Sons)* with malice or rancor. It drips with good cheer and kindly fellowship, and bubbles with a continuous current of quiet, genial humor. Open it and you will smell beechnut-fed, home-cured Virginia ham and old Madeira sauce. Put it under your arm and the spot where you held it will warm to the touch. Read it aloud and not even the children can escape the infection of its gentle courtesy or miss the unspoken lesson of its charity.

A COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY — Serviceable for ready reference by the untechnical reader.

¶ A very serviceable book is the Collegiate Abridgment of Webster's International Dictionary *(G. and C. Merriam Company)*. It is not intended for technical reference; but a dictionary which, in addition to making the alterations demanded by the times, retains the vocabulary of Shakespeare and the King James Version, will not fall far behind the ordinary reader's needs. A new and useful feature in these days of kalevard fiction is a carefully compiled glossary of Scotticisms. The excellent print and thin paper will give the book a place on the reading table rather than on the library shelf.

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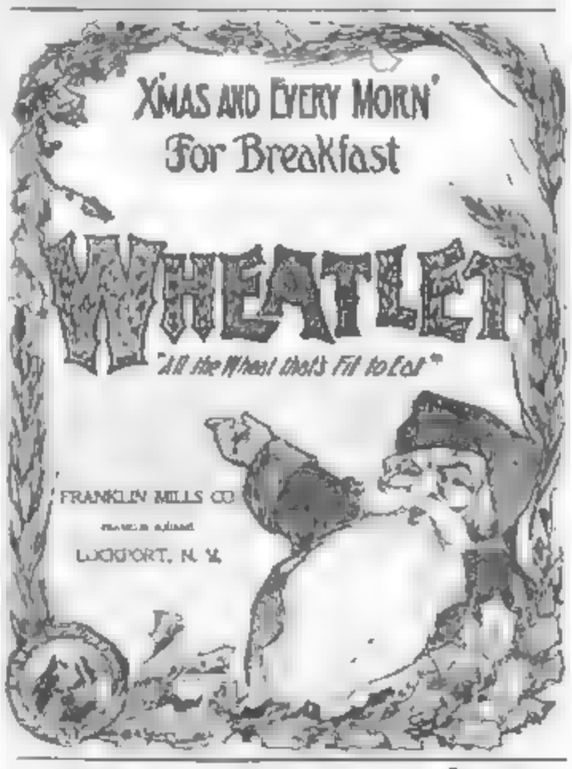

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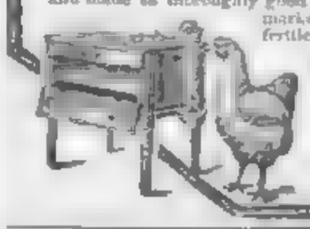

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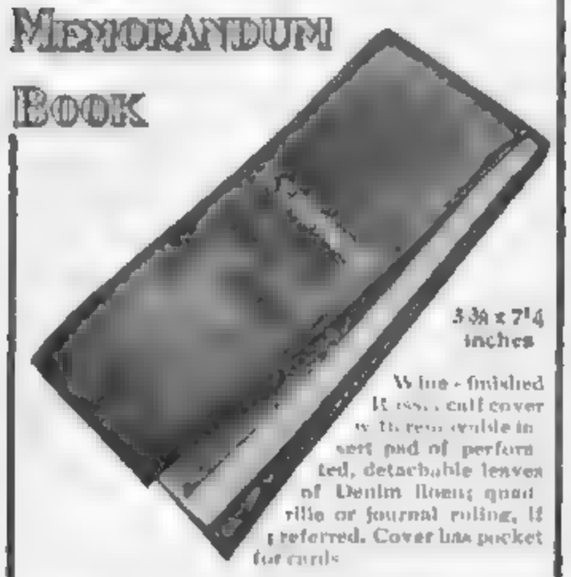

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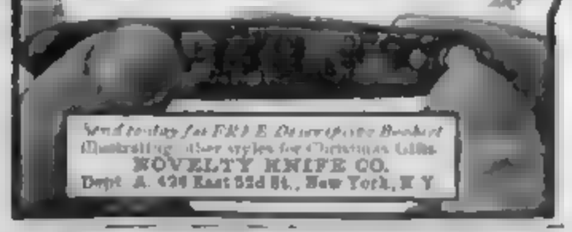

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The Telephone Mail

BY E. I. LEWIS

AND now it is proposed that Uncle Sam deliver the American farmer's "rush mail" to him by telephone. "Rush mail"—what is this marvel-working twentieth century doing with the farmer, anyway? Content, scarce a brief half-decade ago, to drive to the post office once or twice a week for his Thursday paper and the neighborhood's mail, he now finds the daily rural mail delivery to his door far too slow. Why? Because 600,000 little bells are ringing in 600,000 American farmhouses. They summon him and his household to put ear to the rail over which the commercial world is madly rushing. The bells, the tinkling, tinkling, tinkling of 600,000 little telephone bells, that next year may reach 800,000 and then a million, have quickened his blood.

And thus it happens that a proposal will be made to this Congress for the Government to quicken his mail and include the latest marvel of agricultural America in mail distribution facilities. The proposition that in any other country and any other age might be regarded at arm's length as a dream will be laid before Congress by Senator Charles W. Fairbanks, whose State—Indiana—was the first experimenting ground for rural mail delivery and is now almost covered, to every farmhouse door, with the service. As he terms it, his bill will be one for "rural telephone delivery of special mail matter by telephone." He will ask an appropriation sufficiently large to afford a thorough experiment covering one or two years. Simultaneous with the filing of his bill, the farmers in his State will offer the Government the free use of lines reaching 24,000 farm homes in Indiana. Similar offers will come from Illinois, Iowa, Michigan and other States that are well covered with rural telephone lines. It is thought that at least 100,000 farmers' telephones will thus be placed at the disposal of the Government for a period of one or two years' experimentation. The farmers will also show their deep interest by giving assurance of rates for permanent service that will make it practicable for the Government thus to extend its ten cent special delivery fee to the country districts.

The Plan Before Congress

Senator Fairbanks' plan is decidedly simple. "We have," he says, "a special mail delivery service for towns and cities, extending to their corporation limits. Though the establishing of such a service was regarded, when it was proposed, with a great deal of apprehension, it has not only proved to be one of the most popular features of the mail service, but last year it netted the Government $167,727.73. I would simply extend this service beyond the town and city limits, using in delivery in the country the telephone instead of messengers. It is my opinion that the telephone will prove a more efficient messenger boy than the one we have in the cities—it will be quicker and cheaper. A special delivery stamp, possibly similar in size to the present special delivery stamp, when placed on a letter, would be notice not only for the greatest haste to be used in getting the letter through to its terminal post office, but for the receiving postmaster to open the letter, step to his office 'phone and repeat its contents to the person addressed, who may be ten, fifteen or twenty miles back in the country. The letter then should be delivered with other mail matter. It will not be necessary to limit the length of telephone letters—let there be one ten-cent stamp for every one hundred or one hundred and fifty words. The service is not to be used where it would come in conflict with the present special delivery service.

"The farmers' telephone has come to stay, to expand, and to play an important part in our national life. It is true that it has not yet bound all States, nor even parts of invaded States, in its meshes; but in most progressive farming sections from Maine to California, and especially in the level Mississippi Valley where farmers raise extensive crops and realize that they cannot afford to be without close communication with the world and its markets, the lines have been run out from the towns over all country districts. It is not unusual to find a telephone hanging by the side of old fashioned fireplaces in isolated log houses. Though many of the lines that have been built by the farmers themselves, and are conducted by them in person, may be defective, as viewed by an expert electrician, they afford reliable, quick, cheap service. Let the Government give the farmer the special mail service that he, unintentionally, has been preparing the way for, and within a remarkably short time you will find a telephone in the country home of practically every patron of the Government mail service. Would this be an advantage in our national life?"

The System at Work

Though telephone delivery of special mail matter, as a national mail service, would be a step far in advance of anything in the history of mail distribution, it is by no means an idea original with Senator Fairbanks. The service will be given the farmers even if the Government does not officially recognize it. It is now in practical operation in many of the rural counties of the Central States that are covered with farmers' telephone lines. It is not uncommon, in these communities, for a farmer wanting a "rush" reply to a letter to direct that it be addressed to him care of the "central" of his farmers' telephone exchange. The "central" is directed to open such letters and repeat them over the 'phone. By this method the farmer, who may be miles away from his post office, is often able to get a reply to a rush letter twenty-four hours in advance of delivery by rural carriers. Not only does this beat the rural mail delivery but, in many instances, it is found to be quicker than the telegraph. The telegraph service, as a general rule, is limited to a twenty-five-cent extra messenger fee, which seldom takes it far beyond the town.

It is not unusual in farming regions covered by telephone wires to find a farmer or his wife seated in an armchair and rocking quietly, with a telephone receiver clamped over his or her head and a small transmitter at hand. Perhaps it is the quiet enjoyment of a neighborhood call twenty miles away, perhaps "central" is reading from the evening paper, perhaps a graphophone entertainment, the music from a farmer's parlor in an adjoining county, or the effort of the band at the county seat, is being distributed over the entire country. Some of those delightful visions of the future that made Bellamy's Looking Backward so interesting are visions no longer for the farmer—he gets his news, his music, his entertainment delivered to his ear-drum.

When the telephone took to the country it left monopoly and monopoly rates at the town limits. Entire counties and groups of counties, giving talking service over fifty or even one hundred square miles, are covered "toll free," and connections are had into distant cities at greatly reduced rates. As for the 'phone service—a service, by the way, that is satisfactory—what would the city man think of the statement that in some instances the farmers have it for $3—no, not a month, a year! That seems nearer the impossible than the statement that the Government may deliver "rush mail" to the farmer by telephone. Nevertheless it is a fact. A large number of very successful farmers' "mutual" companies operate on $5 a year rentals or "levies"; a larger number on $8, a still larger number on $10, and in other communities the rates run up to $15, $18 and even $24. Nowhere, where the service is practical, is over $24 a year charged. These "high-priced 'phones"—the $15, $18 and $24 ones—are operated by incorporated companies for revenue, and are discredited by "independent farmers" as "company 'phones." The "company 'phone" hangs in the farmhouse as the symbol of an octopus that does not look with favor on the promotion of social relations by telephone calls and entertainments. It is for business—to call the doctor, to order something from town, or for business conversations. The "mutual" or the "co-operative" 'phone hangs on the social circuit of the county. And thus it happens that the "mutual" and "cooperative" 'phones, though perhaps not so thoroughly up to date in equipment, have greater vogue.

The telephone took to the open fields just about six years ago. Where it first had its birth has never been decided. But wherever that may have been, its growth is told in the story of the new "mutual" exchange in any new territory to-day. A few farmers that are "seasoned in" in the spring and "snowed-in" in the winter get together, go to the woods, cut their own poles, put them up along the road sides and, having bought wire, string

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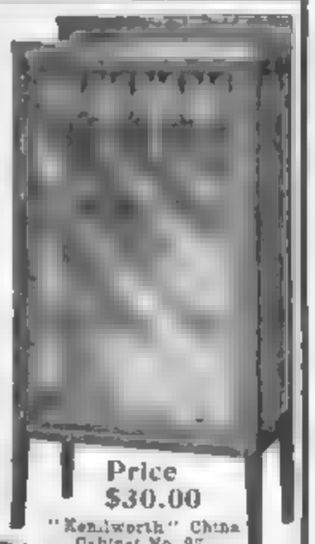

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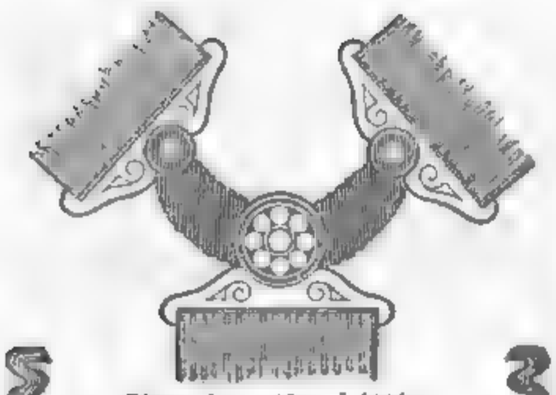

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it. They go into the open market and buy their own 'phones—about one hundred and fifty instruments, in price ranging from five dollars up, are offered farmers—and probably engage a young man who has read a book on electricity to put them up, make the connections and inspect the line. In the beginning these lines generally run along one country road—a single strand of wire on which are hitched ten or twelve 'phones. Each farmer, given a different ring, is his own "central." But this does not last long. The farmers along another road, after prolonged shakings of the head, hear what a good time the people along the line are having, and they build a similar line. Another and another and another is built, and finally the farmers on one line want to talk with the farmers on other lines; an understanding is brought about and the lines are all drawn into the central town and run into a room. A switchboard is bought, and a "mutual" or "cooperative" central is opened and a girl is placed in charge. Thus the lines are run through one town, and by a similar process they reach out to lines connecting into other natural centres, and thus, in a few months, the county seat is connected, and that county seat is connected with another and another, and the "free toll" service is extended. Then it is that these many companies, wielding great patronage, lay siege at the door of rival long-distance companies and demand, and get, exceedingly low rates on "business" or "connections" into distant points.

While this has been going on the farmers who built the first lines, as a rule, are not idle. They have found that, for the sake of sightliness, they should replace crooked poles with straighter ones and should put up cross arms to carry their wires. They find that their cheap instruments are not nearly so good as those that cost only a little more, that a single wire is not sufficient, and that ordinary steel wire is not nearly so good a conductor as copper. Little by little they make the changes, and the service is improved. The construction may cost all the way from $15 to $50, the service from $3 to $24 a year.

The Market by Wire

It occurs to some progressive farmer that he should know, every night, how the market closed. He speaks to a few other farmers and they subscribe for the evening city paper for "central" so she can tell them every evening. It is only natural, when they are all listening, that some one should ask: "Is there anything important in the paper tonight?" Of course there is—the headlines are read. Soon every farmer on the line, learning that "central" reads the paper over the line, makes it a point to have his ear to the receiver at the appointed time. Farmers' telephone lines are generally open a good part of the night whenever an election or a prize fight is on. Many communities not only rely on the evening papers for weather indications but arrange for central weather bureaus to telegraph the new weather indications every morning to the local central, who repeats the prediction over the wires. A single tip, coming at eleven o'clock in the morning, that "the thermometer will drop forty degrees to-night," often saves in a single night the cost of the telephone service for an entire year. Many a farmer who has prepared to drive his hogs to market the next morning has his trip advantageously postponed by the tip, coming late in the evening, that "hogs slumped forty cents at the close."

In the rapid development of the telephone as one of the principal farm equipments some remarkable discoveries have been made by farmers who think. One of these, living on one of the wide Illinois prairies where there were no telephone poles to be cut, conceived the idea that, after all, the top strand of his barbed fence was wire—wire much the same as that stretched on poles in the cities. He insulated the wire at the posts, bridged connections over roads and fences by using uprights, or ran them under ground by using the ordinary drain tiles. He hitched on his instruments. Of course it "talked" "Hello, Central, give me Jones on the Hudgins road barb wire," is not an unusual order now.

Another farmer of inventive genius began to figure that if he could connect up all of his neighbors on a barb-wire fence, why could not he connect up himself, while at work in his fields, with his own farmhouse. He insulated the top strand of his fences, carried a portable 'phone with him to work, hung it on a near by fence wire and was always within call of his sitting room. Thus it will be possible, in some instances, to deliver the farmer's "rush letters" to him in his fields.

Of course the unpretentious fence 'phone gets severe jolts from telephone experts. Notwithstanding the operation of such lines, they declare that they are "impossible." But besides the farmer himself, the barb-wire telephone has one staunch friend of considerable note among telephone men. He is Alexander Graham Bell, father of the telephone. "Yes, it is practical," he said to me recently, "and I am glad to see it. It is a part of unwritten history, but the first telephone message ever sent was over a fence wire. It traveled eight miles over fences from my home in Canada to a small town. It was the birth of the telephone—the first practical telephone line. I am glad to see the wires come down to their lowly beginning. The farmers can do more than they have thus far done and connect up their woven-wire fences. Never mind about how the message would get over all of the wires and the cross wires. I can't tell you that, but it will pass through the woven-wire fence as freely as over the single strand of a barb-wire fence. Of course the woven wire fence must be insulated and be kept free from ground connections."

The farmers' telephone is not only doing wonders in a social way among the farmers, but it is changing, materially, the farmers' lot. In some communities—New London, Connecticut, one of them—livery stable men in the country towns are beginning to cater to "farm trade." It is told the farmer that he can sell off all of the horses he desires to sell, and that he can order horses by telephone for one day, two days, one week, two weeks, a month or two, and that they will be delivered by the livery-stable man. The rates are reasonable. In many country communities the farmer is getting his provisions delivered to him. His wife can telephone her order before nine o'clock and get her delivery by noon, or in the afternoon. In some places light deliveries are made by the rural mail carriers, the orders being sent to the merchant before the carriers leave the post office at eight o'clock. In other places the merchants have joined together and put out delivery wagons, scheduling them over certain roads on certain days. Orders can be telephoned for these deliveries. The farmer who awakes with a start and the conviction that his horses have been stolen out of his barn need no longer rush out without his clothes on and risk being filled with bullets. He only has to walk over to his telephone and spend a few minutes organizing parties to block every road. Horse-thieving is a lost art in the rural telephone country.

The farmers' telephone has been run into a number of churches and the transmitter has been placed where the words of the preacher will be caught up and carried to the ear of a feeble member of the congregation lying prostrate in bed several miles from the church.

A priest has administered absolution over a farmers' telephone line.

The legality of contracts made over telephone has been established, and the identity of voices heard over telephone in this connection has been legally fixed. Courtships have been carried on over farmers' telephone lines and many marriages have resulted. In still other ways the telephone has brought the country people closely together, has been a great aid to them in their work, and has proven satisfactory. The farmer is satisfied with his equipment, though it may be technically defective when viewed by the expert electrician. He knows that it is practical and that it will be a valuable aid to the Government in getting his "rush letter" to him in "rush time."

Bound to be Understood

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS tells a story which seems to show that Uncle Remus and the Southern dialect writers in general are making progress in distant regions.

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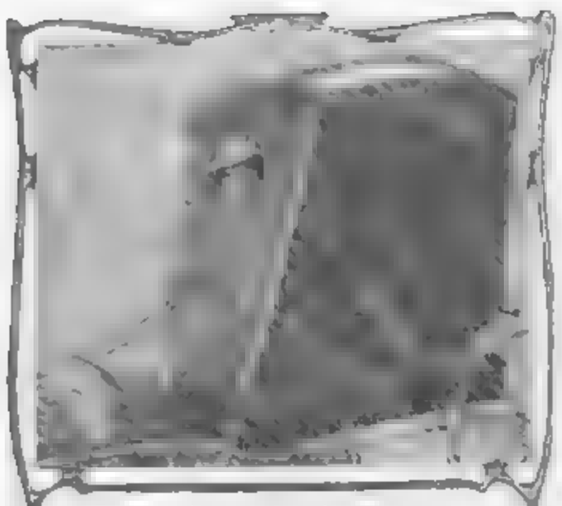

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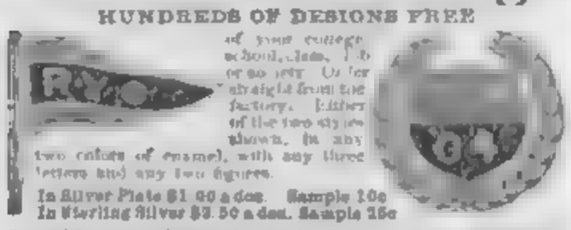

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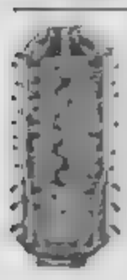

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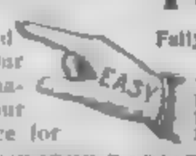

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ROOSEVELT'S PLANS AND ROOSEVELT'S PERILS

(Concluded from Page 5)

him as deeply as is possible to an indorsement of General Wood they will throw what mud they may in a hope that it will stick to the disadvantage of a Roosevelt canvass.

One close to Senator Hanna gave it as his view that General Wood's confirmation will be defeated. It is plain, too, that those among Republicans in the Senate who follow the Hanna flag count on the support of nine of every ten among the Democrats. They reason speciously that where party interest takes precedence of public interest—and it does with the grand per cent. of statesmen—the opposition will lose no chance to deliver such a blow.

Under ordinary conditions this reasoning would be cunning enough. But there is an element overlooked. Senator Gorman is laying plans to do the Presidential running for the Democrats. Every Washington sign and signal smoke flatters that hope of the Maryland Senator. And Senator Gorman is the caucus officer—the chosen war-chief of his party in the Senate.

Now, it may occur to the astute Senator Gorman that he would prefer to make the race against President Roosevelt rather than Senator Hanna. In the former case those billions hostile to President Roosevelt would flock about Senator Gorman's candidacy. Should Senator Hanna, however, be his party's choice, those billions might not prove so migratory. Doubtless they would remain cheerfully in their present Republican home, and thus, with their aid, be lost to the ambitious Senator Gorman. It would be vastly in keeping with the Gorman trend to entertain some such theory as the above, and it may yet turn that, for the purpose of his nomination, President Roosevelt will have no sharper friend in the Senate and none more indefatigable in a secret midnight way than our gray fox of the Chesapeake. No, indeed; one ought not to be too sure that, for the defense of General Wood, Senator Gorman will not become both sword and shield

The Seat of the Coming Convention

Already in the alternative have the Republicans got to the choice of a convention city. They have decided that it shall be Chicago or New York. Should you ask them which one, they will say Chicago. There is argument for it, however, that they have resolved upon New York

Even the subject of where the convention shall be held is intended in its settlement to militate against President Roosevelt. The National Committee machinery, being much under the thumb of Money, is readily set going against him. It is that machinery, whenever Senator Hanna throws on the belt, which will grind out the call for a convention. New York is believed to be an anti Roosevelt city. It has been held good politics, whenever one had a party foe to slaughter, to drag him into a convention sitting in the midst of his enemies.

By all the portents, the next Republican convention will be rapped to order in Madison Square Garden. And, speaking of rapping, the chairman, as names are presently considered, should be Representative Cousins, of Iowa. There could come no wiser choice. Mr. Cousins owns force, intelligence, executive genius, presence, is six feet tall, and is withal a Cicero for eloquence.

It has been suggested that those inimical to President Roosevelt count New York against him. In doing this they appraise their chickens before they're hatched. Those anti-Roosevelt billions have their home camp in New York. It is their domain; and locally men come and go politically by command of those billions. They for months have been working to make up the New York delegation against President Roosevelt. Those billions in the late city elections gave their weight to Mr. McClellan. It was said that the defeat of Mr. Low would mean the weakening of President Roosevelt. Those billions gave their orders; and Governor Odell and Senator Platt did what they might against Mr. Low. Both will now bend themselves to wresting from President Roosevelt the New York delegation. It will, should they have their way—and it would be a miracle if they did not—go into the convention committed against him. Senator Platt and Governor Odell loathe each other; but at the behest of Money they are compelled into this alliance.

To many it will occur that those who, hating President Roosevelt, would rob him of New York—his own State—reason with but a narrow genius. That, as a crime of politics, was once committed against Mr. Cleveland, and, more than all else, it served to give him the nomination. It would, in all likelihood, furnish a similar result in the Roosevelt instance. In the country at large there stalks a ready-made resentment of New York and whatever it may propose or foster. Should New York attack President Roosevelt, and particularly should it attack him at the command of Money and the attack be led by Senator Platt and Governor Odell, his fortune is made. Such an attack would guarantee him the convention; it might even—always submitting that the count be true—bring him victory at the ballot.

Thus are the lines laid; thus do the wise ones among Republicans lay out the party future. The convention will sit in New York during the latter days of June. The fight will fall between President Roosevelt and Senator Hanna for the nomination. If the former be in the ascendancy he will want Senator Beveridge as a running mate; if the latter find himself supreme he will take up behind him Governor Odell. In the event of President Roosevelt being chosen, he will build the platform upon his foreign policies. Should Senator Hanna be the nominee, he will make no mighty amendments to the platform of 1900. And so the forces go into position; while timid ones, skulking in the shadows, are trying to count the strength of rival sides with a purpose of locating the butter on their personal bread.

P. S. In determining as to the upcome of all this marching up and down of policies and strengths, those superstitious will not fail to consider the Roosevelt luck. For years the Platts and the Hannas, the Quays and the Odells, have been striving to get rid of him. He was made Assistant Secretary of the Navy to get rid of him as Police Commissioner of New York. He was sent to Cuba to get rid of him as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. As a soldier he charged into the Executive Mansion at Albany. He was made Vice President to get rid of him as Governor. Now one finds his doorplate on the portals of the White House. His enemies, ever busy about his hits, backed him, in a manner of speaking, into the very Presidency. To-day they come creeping upon him from all quarters in a last campaign meant for his obliteration. They should beware the Roosevelt luck. Politically, as say the novelists, he would seem to bear a charmed life. His foes should look well to themselves. They should remember those blinded many who, as history shows, attempted assassination but committed suicide.

The Mistaken Diagnosis

ALBERT LEVERING, the black-and-white artist responsible for so many "comics," used to live in Chicago, but has since transferred his allegiance to New York. He took his hypochondriacal tendencies with him and they are still in good working order. His favorite pastime is to read of some deadly disease, preferably a new one, go to bed imagining he has it, lie awake all night, seek his doctor in the morning and get assurance that he is in perfect health, and then go back cheerfully to work.

One morning not long ago he turned up at the doctor's just as the man of medicine was getting into his carriage.

"I'm in a hurry," called the doctor, "and can't stop to see you, but it's all right—you haven't got it

Haven't got what?" demanded the astonished artist

"Whatever it is you think you've got. Not a symptom of it. Good-by," and he drove away

"Well, now," said Levering, turning to a lamp-post as the only witness of the scene, "that's the time he's mistaken. I know I *have* got it—ten dollars in my pocket to pay his last bill; but if he's sure I haven't I'll try to get in line with his diagnosis," and he went around to the nearest junk shop and invested the money in a pair of brass candlesticks and a copper kettle.

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THE MORTON MARRIAGE

(Continued from Page 4)

there I must let you. And perhaps, after all, you'll like it better. As for me, I mean to stay here."

Ned was not very subtle in cajolery, but his mother loved him, and it all ended in a laughing discussion whether, if he were to be a Roman, Mortoni would not be the correct form of the name. But Mrs. Morton's conscience was not at rest.

. . . . . .

The spring passed away and still the Roman gossips waited for an announcement. Luigia and Edward did not seem madly in love. It was even said that the girl preferred Filippo Confalonieri. But then, every one knew that to be out of the question, for Filippo was poorer than Luigia, if possible. People began to say that the Castoldini had better take young Mr. Morton, if they could get him. For no other suitor with money had appeared, and it was felt that a financial crash could not much longer be averted. Prince Castoldini, it was understood, had offered his services to the government in connection with a commission to investigate prison management. But the government had no place for members of the opposition. It was said that he had been willing to take a place in any commercial enterprise, but that nothing could be found. Finally, as the end of May approached, it was rumored that he was so deeply in debt that his creditors threatened proceedings—confiscation of the palazzo in town as well as the villa at Frascati, and public disgrace. At this juncture Edward made a formal proposal to Luigia's father. It will be kinder to suppose that the rise of his passion to its height was only by accident, simultaneous with the fall of the Castoldini fortunes to their lowest depth.

For a young gentleman who had spent now nearly a year in the strenuous attempt to Europeanize himself, Edward appeared not to have learned his lesson well, for when Prince Castoldini, who received his proposal in dignified but non-committal silence, broke this to ask Mr. Morton what definite offer as to settlements he was prepared to make, it turned out that Edward was not at all certain what he could guarantee. He could make no definite offer of marriage at all, in the Italian sense, without consultations with his mother; and Prince Castoldini learned for the first time the terms of the late Mr. Morton's will. Edward hurriedly proposed that the next day he should tell Prince Castoldini definitely what Mrs. Morton was prepared to do. This the prince amended by suggesting that a meeting between the two parents would be more regular. That evening took place two family interviews. They had this characteristic in common: both the women cried, and both in the end dried their tears and smiled bravely at the respective heads of the families of Morton and Castoldini.

The next afternoon the Prince called on Mrs. Morton. The lady, with a small notebook held nervously in her hand, made proposals on Edward's behalf both definite and handsome. Prince Castoldini rose from his seat and took a turn across the room, then he faced Mrs. Morton.

"The offer is generous, it is beyond what we have a right to expect. For, as you know, I can give Luigia nothing—absolutely nothing. She must go to her husband dowerless, merely as Luigia Castoldini, and nothing more."

"That is something," said Mrs. Morton quietly.

"Yes, that is something." The phrase was repeated with a proud lifting of the speaker's head, then he went on, as he seated himself again:

"You must have heard rumors in Rome as to my financial difficulties. They are all true. I am face to face with a crash."

"Edward wanted me to say," said Mrs. Morton, "that we shall wish to help in your affairs. He will feel himself a Castoldini, so he says"—at this the Prince turned quickly away for a moment toward the window—"and I"—Mrs. Morton hesitated—"I should have liked to help, anyway. Luigia and Bianca are sweet girls and you've been very kind to us."

"My daughter is willing to accept your son's proposal, Mrs. Morton." The tone was formal, although for a moment the Prince's face had shown that he was grateful for the sympathy in her voice.

"Edward will be so proud, so glad," she murmured happily.

MRS. OSBORN

The renowned fashion authority, Mrs. Osborn, who is admitted by all to be a leader in the creative world of New York styles, has become a regular monthly contributor to The Delineator. Her initial letter, with illustrations, occupying three pages of the January issue, will be mailed free to any one applying for it in answer to this announcement.

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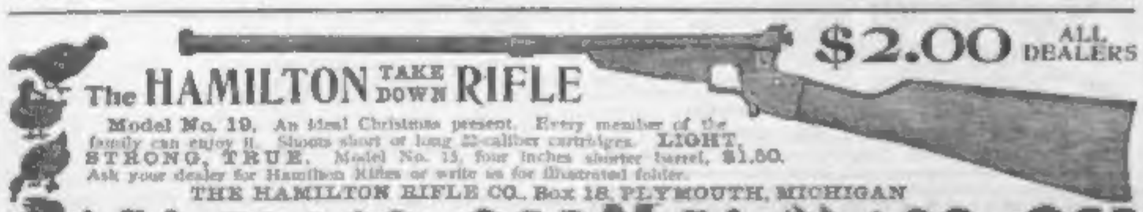
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Suddenly her guest leaned forward.

"Does he love Luigia?" he asked.

"Why, yes," replied Mrs. Morton a little nervously, "he does, of course—I think."

"He truly does? I love my daughter, Mrs. Morton, very much. I want her to be happy."

"Edward isn't—he isn't demonstrative," said his mother; "I suppose that must be it. He hasn't ever wanted to marry any one else."

The Prince rose again from his seat. "Luigia is in love with another man," he said. "It is only fair that you should know, and I must think of her. Does your son love her enough to make her happy, to make her forget? You and I are good enough friends to be frank. You know your son. Will he make her happy?"

Mrs. Morton's hands were clasped tightly together in her lap. She had to choose between disloyalty to Edward and disloyalty to her own simple honesty and goodness. Then, as the tears came into her eyes, she spoke, wondering if Edward would ever forgive her:

"I think she must marry the other man."

Prince Castoldini silently shook her hand.

"I wish she could like Edward," she went on. "But it mustn't seem as if we bought a wife for him. Americans don't buy."

"And Castoldini——" began the Prince.

"And Castoldini don't sell, I'm sure." She completed the sentence for him.

They sat a moment in silence.

"Then your son won't mind so much, perhaps," said the Prince.

"Edward will be bitterly disappointed. He is very ambitious. He will be sorry I've done what I did."

"You must tell him I refused my consent."

"And you'll let Luigia marry this other man?"

"Yes, if it can be managed, she shall."

"He is—is he poor?"

"No more so than I, but no richer. Poor children!"

"You must let me help. Oh, no," and she ignored his interruption. "I don't mean anything more than what is business. But I could lend you money on the palazzo, I know."

"The palazzo is mortgaged already."

"It could be managed somehow, I'm certain."

"I couldn't possibly accept any financial favor, you must see that," said the Prince again in formal tones, "not after what has passed."

"But I made the match," said Mrs. Morton, "and I should have been Luigia's mother if Ned had been—if she could have liked him. When I thought perhaps she did, what I liked to think of best of all was that I could mother your girls a little because they hadn't any of their own, and I—I never had a daughter. Won't you let me help?"

The tears were gone now and a tender smile played about her lips. In the fading afternoon light she seemed younger and prettier than Prince Castoldini had ever seen her before. He looked at her, his feelings responding with real Italian quickness to the beauty of her deed, and then, almost without realizing himself how far his thoughts were carrying him, he said:

"Why shouldn't you help? And be a mother to Luigia, too? Will you be the Princess Castoldini?"

. . . . . .

In September Edward sailed for America.

"Your mother and I feel," Prince Castoldini had said, gently but firmly, "that we cannot do better than to carry out your father's wish. It is better for young Americans to be young Americans and to work, at least for a time. And, of course, you'll have holidays and we can make Rome pleasant for you."

Edward accepted his fate. But even in going back to Detroit there was a consolation. He had left it as Mrs. Morton's son; he returned as the Princess Castoldini's. His social position in Detroit and Rome was sure; New York and Newport might come later.

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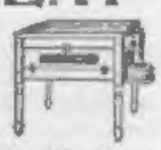

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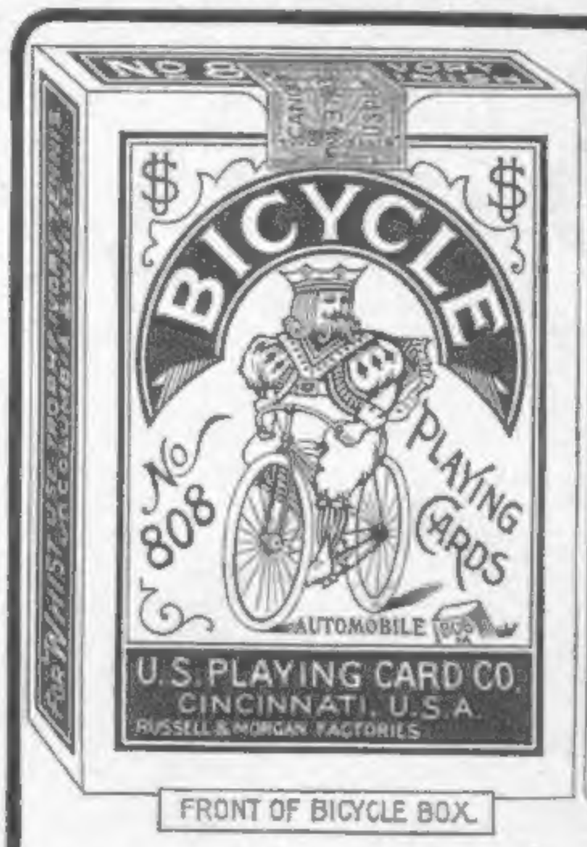

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